THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

They Come at Last.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

They come at last,
Like the low gushing of the summer stream.
Those visions of the past,
That haunt me in my lonely hours a fairy's dream.

Their blissfulness has come
With sounds as sweet as Angel's melody,
Or the faint breathing hum,
Of ev'ning leaves in the wildwood tree.

My spirit's natal hour
Caught all its hues from such a scene as this,—
And memory's power
Would rest its wing forever on this mount of bliss.

And in my charming ear
Comes voices soft as those of calmy spring'
Hopes rich and dear
As those to which a maiden's wishes cling.

Hopes heritage is mine,
And pure ones mingle in the conscious song,—
As bending o'er the shrine,
They swell the echoes of the bright wing'd throng.

And round me is the spell
That shadows forth the fate of coming years,
As sibyls tell
Fates sealed book, alike its smiles and tears.

And I have bowed
Before that image, not with cringing knee,
As do the crowd;
But high and holy was my thought of thee.

They come at last,
Like the low gushing of the summer stream,
Those visions of the past,
That haunt me in my lonely hours a fairy's dream.

Philada. 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A Brother's Farewell to his Sister.

BY ALFRED MAXWELL.

Come near to me, my gentle girl,
Come share a brother's parting sorrow—
And weep with me those tears to-day,
Nor then, nor I, may shed to-morrow.
Come lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing.
Thou 'st knelt beside our mother's knee,
And pray'd to her to grant her blessing.

The wind blows fairly for the sea,—
The dark waves high their crests do rear,—
And ere morn's sun doth light the skies,
I'll be far away, my sister dear.
Yet closer, closer round me cling,
Though another claim thy love to-morrow,
None, none are near to reprove the tear,
That flows to-day for a sister's sorrow.

And say, that when between us lie
Wide lands and many a mountain billow
Thou wilt breathe a prayer to Him
Above, to guard my lonely pillow
And let me hear my fav'rite song,
Yet once more from thy sweet lip pealing,
For none are here to see the tear,
That flows to each soft note in swelling

Then lean once more upon thy breast,
As when a simple child caressing
Thou 'st knelt beside our mother's knee,
And pray'd to Him to grant his blessing
Ay! closer, closer round me cling,
Though another claims thy love to-morrow,
None, none are here to reprove the tear,
That flows to-day for a sister's sorrow

Philada. July 1841

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Purse.

An American Tale.

BY SKETCHER.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

It was a clear, cold, sunshiny Christmas morning in Philadelphia—Christmas, merry Christmas! Chesnut street was througed with people, whose faces beamed with happiness, and whose hearts leaped with joy, a joy not the least abated by the thrilling peals, which ever and anon rung out from Christ Church bells. The old, the young, the rich and the poor, were all mingled together in the gay thoroughfare. All classes and conditions seemed to have thrown aside care, determined to enjoy blythe Christmas with unalloyed felicity.

Perhaps it was this being engrossed so much with pleasure, more than hard-heartedness, that caused the gay groups who were going to and fro, to disregard the earnest appeals made to their sympathies by a young lad, apparently about fifteen years of age, who was wending his way through the throng, entreating them to bestow upon him a trifle for his poor mother.

He was a slender lad, and seemed to be quite delicate. Notwithstanding the poorness of his apparel, there was no appearance of vulgarity about him, on the contrary his every action was full of gentleness and grace. There was something interesting in him. His features were regular, and finely cut; his brow broad and open, around which clustered masses of chesnut curls; his eyes jetty black; and his eye brows delicately arched, seemed like pencilings upon his clear white skin. There was no bloom upon his cheeks, as is usual in youth, and a shade of melancholy rested upon his face which told that though young he knew sorrow.

Poor lad! he wandered along several squares, seeking in vain to arrest the attention of some one of the busy crowd, but they all passed him by unheeding. The merry laugh, and the joyous tones fell harshly upon his ear: he could not share in them. "All hearts are light but mine," murmured he, and the tears started in his eyes. He wiped them away, and proceeded on a little farther, but with no better success.

Shivering with cold, for his clothes were poor and scanty, he was about to turn into a cross street in despair. Suddenly, however, he stopped, and appeared to hesitate.

"Poor mother!" said he to himself, "she will starve. No; I must not go home. I will try again."

At that moment he looked up, and saw three young girls, one about his own age, and the other two a little older, standing before a shop window, admiring the articles exposed there for sale. A new thought seemed to have struck him. Hitherto he had applied to gentlemen, and ladies; now he bethought him that perhaps those of his own years would lend a more willing ear. Accordingly he approached them, and instinctively addressed himself to the youngest. Whether it was the benevolent expression of her face, with its mild blue eyes, so different from the haughty appearance of the two dark eyed girls who were her companions, or whether it was because she was nearer his own age that he first accosted her he scarce knew.

"Will you please give me a few cents, Miss, to buy some food for my poor sick mother?" said he with downcast eyes.

"No, don't, Gertrude," said the eldest of the other two, looking scornfully upon him, and then addressing him she added, "we haven't got any to give away: we want all our money."

"Do, pray do," said the lad imploringly. "My father is dead, my poor mother is sick, and she has no fire to keep her from freezing this cold weather, nor has she any thing to eat. Only a few cents."

"I will give him some Jane," said Gertrude to the one who had spoken, "wouldn't you Louise?" she continued, turning to the other, as the tears glistened in her eyes.

"You may if you choose," answered Louise, "I shan't."

"Neither will I," said Jane.

"But his sick mother," said Gertrude.

"Pooh! I hope you don't believe that story. He just wants to get some pennies that he may play pitchpenny with some of the other bad boys about the streets."

As she spoke she turned short around, and began to examine the articles in the shop window.

"Indeed I do not tell you a lie," said the boy warmly, fearing she might be influenced by the examples of her companions, "indeed I do not. Oh! do not refuse me. My poor, poor mother—I fear she will die before I get home. She has had nothing to eat these two days."

The kind hearted girl could not withstand the appeals of the shuddering boy, made as they were in such pitiful tones, and taking her purse from her bag she put it in his hands.

"Take this," said she, "my uncle gave it to me this morning to spend for Christmas things; but I can do very well without them. Run home with it quick, and may it make you more comfortable, if not merry, on this Christmas day."

The boy hesitated.

"Maybe your uncle will be angry, Miss," said he.

"No, no," she answered, "he gave it me to spend as I chose, and now I choose to give it to you. Hasten with it home."

"God bless you! God bless you!" he exclaimed, as the tears of gratitude coursed each other down his pale cheeks. "May you never want bread as we have done."

He would have thanked her more, but the thought of his starving mother came across his mind, and leaving them he was soon out of sight.

"What a dunce you are Gertrude," said Jane, "to go and give him all your money, too! Now you are done purchasing."

"Well, I don't care," said the good hearted girl, "come, cousins, let us go in the store if you want to make your purchases." They went in.

CHAPTER II.

The youth did not stop to count the contents of the purse he had received, but turning onward as rapidly as his benumbed limbs would allow him, he went his way toward the south-western part of the city. After traversing many streets, he at last turned in to a small dirty lane whose aspect betokened the abode of poverty. Lifting the latch of an old frame fabric, situated therein, he rushed into an apartment, whose wretched appearance fully corresponded with the exterior of the building. Indeed it was almost destitute of furniture. A table, two or three old broken chairs, a few plates, and cups, upon a dresser, a water pail standing in one corner, and a candle-stick of tin that was upon the mantle, completed the furniture of the apartment—with the exception of a truckle bed near the chimney place. Upon this bed lay a woman, pale and attenuated, whose face, though thin and wasted, still bore marks of having once been beautiful. The soft Grecian outline of features, the thin and finely chiselled lips, the delicately arched eye brows, the full dark liquid eyes, and the jetty silken hair, that fell in a rich flood over the wretched pillow on which her head reclined, all told of past loveliness and beauty. She was pale, and appeared to be very weak and feeble—so much so that she did not shudder, even as the keen air, entering the cracks and crevices of the apartment, and blew over her miserable couch with biteing chillness, though it might be, perhaps, that it was the intenseness of the cold, which had already chilled the blood in her veins, and made her insensible longer to its freezing breath.

"Mother! mother!" cried the boy, throwing himself on his knees beside the lowly couch, as soon as he had entered the room, "mother, cheer up!—look!—I have money—see! see!" and he held up the purse before her as he spoke.

The woman essayed to raise herself suddenly up as if to grasp it, but the effort was vain, and her slightly raised head fell again heavily upon the pillow. Her lips moved slowly: he bent his ear to catch her word.

"You did not—get it—unlawfully?" she muttered brokenly.

"No, no, mother," said the boy, "it was given to me by a sweet creature—an angel—God bless her! Yes! God bless her sweet face—it was almost as pretty as your own. She was so kind, too. No, no, I did not steal it."

"Thank God!" murmured the woman faintly, and the blood played for a moment over her pale cheeks, and around her lips, and then fled, leaving them still more ghastly pale.

Poor woman! her trials were nearly over. That momentary flush told that death's icy touch was fast chilling her very heart. The lad seemed to have an apprehension of this, and, throwing his arms about her neck, the tears coursed each other rapidly down his cheeks, as he gazed earnestly in her face.

"Mother, dear mother!" he exclaimed earnestly, "look up, look up—be of good cheer—we will yet be happy. I will go and get the doctor for you—he will come now, for I will do without victuals, and give him all this money if he will make you well."

"'Tis too late—too late," she whispered, her eyes slowly unclosing part way, and smiling half tenderly, half wildly.

"Oh! say not so, dear—dear mother, say not so. I will go this instant and fetch the doctor, and he will make you well, dear mother—he shall, for I cannot bear to part with you!"

As he spoke, he grasped his cap from the part of the bed, where he had thrown it when he entered, and was about to leave the room. He had scarcely taken a step, however, ere a low groan from the sick woman arrested his attention, and he turned again to the bedside. Her eyes were gradually closing, a slight convulsive tremor played for a second, or more, around her mouth, a chattering of the teeth, a shuddering of her frame, that slowly passing away, left her a stiffening corpse. Her spirit had winged its flight to eternity.

"Mother! mother! oh! dear—dear mother!" he exclaimed, almost frantically, "speak—speak—do but speak again! Why do you not look upon me, mother!—upon your William. Can it—can it be you are——!"

He could not say dead: it seemed too grating—too harsh. He took her hand in his; it was cold—icy cold. He knew it then; he knew she was dead. He threw his arms around her neck, and, pressing his lips to her pale cheek, wept as though his heart would break.

CHAPTER III.

When Jane, and Louise Walton were done making their purchases at the store, they, with their cousin, Gertrude Clarendon, left it, and proceeded homeward. They soon arrived at a splendid mansion in Walnut street, and ringing the door bell, were in a few moments admitted. Hastening along the hall, they entered an elegantly furnished parlour, where sat a middle aged man, engaged in reading. He was a noble looking person, and on every lineament of his handsome features was marked benevolence, and mildness. He laid down his book as they entered, and with a pleasing smile asked how they had succeeded in their purchases.

"Oh, admirably!" said Jane and Louise, in a breath, and they proceeded to spread out before him the various things they had bought, consisting of ivory needle cases, gilt edged books, souveniers, &c.

He examined them, and expressed his pleasure at their beauties.

"But where are yours, Gertrude?" said he, turning to his niece, who stood beside him, with one of her delicate hands laid upon his arm.

"I have none, sir," she replied.

"None! Why, did I not give you money as well as your cousins?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"But what, my dear?" said he, winding his arm around her waist, and drawing her closer to him.

She hesitated to tell him, for fear he might be angry with her.

"I will tell you what she done, father," said Jane, "you know she believes every thing a beggar tells her, and so she gave all her money to a ragged boy, who told her a great story about his mother being sick—having nothing to eat—no fire, and so on."

"Indeed I could not help it, uncle," said Gertrude, putting her arm around his neck, and looking with her soft blue eyes coaxingly in his face, "indeed I could not. He begged so hard, and looked so pitiful, I really believe he told the truth. You will forgive me, uncle, will you not? I did not think when I gave him the purse about its being your gift, or I would have kept it, and given him the money only: I was so touched with his appeals that I put it into his hand without thinking. But you will not be angry, will you?"

"Angry! no, Gertrude, no! It were worth ten thousand purses, filled with ten thousand times the amount you have given, to know that you possess a generous heart! Girls," he continued, turning to his daughters, "I am astonished that you could not find it in your hearts to give this poor boy, at least, a part of yours."

"Forgive me, father," said Jane, abashed, "I have regretted since that I did not: I will strive to act more generous in future."

"And I, too, have since thought," said Louise, "that what he told us may have been true, and that we might have given him something for his mother."

"Well, well, my daughters," said their father, kissing their rosy cheeks, "for time to come always feel for, and remember the poor. Here, Gertrude," he continued, taking a note from his pocket book, "here is twice the amount you so kindly gave to the poor boy. Take it, my noble girl, you well deserve to be rewarded. Remember always that benevolence is one of the most godly of virtues."

So saying, he arose, and left the room.

It has been said that "the general makes the soldier." With the same propriety it may be asserted that the mother makes the daughter. It is a truth that cannot be denied. We have an illustration in the case before us. The mother of Jane and Louise (she was now dead) was a woman of the fashionable world, whose heart had been made callous by contact with society, so that it never responded to the calls of distress. Reared, too, amid wealth from her very birth, she in fact could not comprehend the sufferings of the poor. She had formed the opinion that all beggars were impostors, and some had been found so—an opinion, unfortunately for the virtuous poor, that is too generally prevalent. This opinion, by example, she instilled into her daughter's minds, and though they possessed hearts like that of their father's, naturally kind and benevolent, yet the example of their mother clung to them like an unseemly garment, hiding the beauty that lay beneath.

Not so was it with the mother of Gertrude,—Mr. Walton's sister. She was a woman, unlike Mrs. Walton, whose chief beauty was her mental accomplishments. She had a heart to feel for poverty, and an ever ready hand to alleviate its distresses.

But Gertrude's mother was now dead, as well as her father. They had died some years before, leaving her an orphan heiress to the guardianship of her uncle, who, like his sister, cherished the generosity of disposition which she possessed.

CHAPTER IV.

Alone in the counting-house of one of the extensive mercantile establishments in the city of New York, sat a young man apparently about twenty-one or two years of age. His arm rested upon the desk at which he was sitting, and his head reclined upon his hand. He seemed to be lost in meditation on some object that lay before him, for he sat for a long time without moving his eyes therefrom, or even so much as changing his position. At length, however, he gave vent to his thoughts in words.

"More than six years have elapsed," said he, "since I received this purse, then I was a poor, ragged, penniless beggar boy; now I am heir apparent to one of the richest men in this vast city. Yes, six years have passed away, but the memory of that day, and of her who gave me this, cannot fade. No! never! I vowed beside my poor mother's death bed, that if ever I were able, and could discover the generous girl, whose kind heart pitied the half starved little mendicant, I would strive to repay the debt of gratitude I owe her. Would that I could! But I fear 'tis a vain hope, for I have nothing but this purse, with 'Gertrude Clarendon' marked upon it. Well, perhaps it may chance yet to come to pass."

As he finished speaking the door of the counting room opened, and a man of middle age entered.

"Ah! William," said he, smiling, "the purse again! Methinks there is some other feeling toward the donor in your heart, besides that of gratitude."

"Nay, uncle," answered the young man, confusedly, "I love to gaze upon it at times, because it reminds me of my mother——"

"And of a certain little blue-eyed lass, whom a certain William Leslie would have no objections to fall in love with, if he could happen to come across her again—that is he has not already, merely from gratitude." And the uncle looked archly in his nephew's face as he spoke.

"Nay, uncle, there would, perhaps, be but little use of that, even though I should 'come across her,' as you say: there are great changes happen in people's situations in six years. For instance, witness how different is mine. She may be wedded, and have forgotten long, long ago the little beggar boy, or she may be dead, and lying in the cold and silent grave."

"True—I was but jesting," said the uncle.

"But," continued the young man, "as I was saying, I love to look upon the purse, because it reminds me of my mother; and—I will not deny it, for I will ever remember her—of her who gave it to me; and last, though not least, because uncle, it brings to mind the debt of gratitude I owe to you. You who have cared for me like a father for a son."

"Aye! and who will care for you as a father for his son, even when he dies."

"May that day be long coming!" and the young man turned away to hide a tear.

He took up his hat, and drawing on his gloves, left the counting house. He walked along meditating upon the conversation he had just been participating in, and ere he was aware he found himself upon the quay. A steamboat was just about to leave, and he stopped to witness its departure. All was hustle and noise. Passengers, some on foot and some in carriages, were constantly arriving, and hastening on board. Porters were running to and fro with baggage, some with wheelbarrows, some without. Car-men, hack-men, white-men, black-men, all added their quota to the general din, while the noisy news-boys with their "morning paper sir," and the boiler of the boat with its phizzing roar, in no-wise lessened the tumult. Then there were the partings of friends—the "farewell" uttered in a trembling voice—the silent grasping of the hands—the dimmed eye, and the lingering step, that told, as plain as words, how fond the hearts that were severing. What an exciting scene! So thought William Leslie, as he stood apart, watching the busy crowd.

The last bell was rung—the "all aboard" had been proclaimed—and the fastenings were about being cast loose, when suddenly he was startled by the screaming of women, and the cry of "a man overboard." He ran toward the spot at the edge of the wharf, where the people were crowded most together, and beheld a man somewhat past the middle age struggling in the water. Nearly all around seemed paralized—none moved toward a rescue. Some, it is true, recommended what ought to be done, but, as is usual, did not make any efforts themselves. William was a good swimmer, and seeing the imminent hazard of the gentleman, he immediatly threw off his coat, and plunged in. In a moment he was breasting the current with his burden,—and in a few more, they were both drawn on board the boat, which had been fastened again to the wharf.

The gentleman shook the water from his locks, and feeling in his pocket drew forth a well stored pocket-book, which he proffered to William.

"Take this, young man, as an unworthy reward for the invaluable service you have rendered me," said he, "at least, until I can have a better opportunity of giving you a more substantial proof of my gratitude. I would thank you could I find words to do so, but my heart is too full."

William put back the money with his hand.

"No, no," said he, "I did not risk my life for money, I risked it to save a fellow creature's life. Excuse me."

"Take this, then," said the gentleman, handing him his card, "and if you ever visit Philadelphia do not neglect to call upon me. My house, and heart, will ever be open to the preserver of my life."

The fastenings had been just cast loose again, and William, with the card in his hand, jumped ashore, whilst the boat proceeded on its way.

CHAPTER V.

It was a gala day in Philadelphia—the anniversary of our independence—the birth day of our nation—the day of all days to an American freeman! That day, when the heart of every true Son of Columbia, beats with a prouder thrill—when his veins burn with a warmer fire of patriotism—when he treads his native soil with a lighter step, and feels that he is FREE! What volumes does that word speak! Free! aye! as the winds that rove through ether, and know no bounds. Freedom! 'tis a jewel kings do not possess; a title princes do not own. Yes! It is a day, the patriot glories in. It is a day when his soul expands in thankfulness, and his lips utter gratitude; a day when the events of that period that "tried men's souls" crowd thick before his minds eye, and he sees the bloody grounds of Lexington—of Bunker Hill—of Concord, and a host of others, where fought, and bled, "the heroes of the revolution."

It was on the morning of such a day, that a young man issued from one of the large hotels in Philadelphia, and bent his way leisurely along through several of the principle streets, to witness the demonstration of joy on all sides. The streets were thronged with people. The military, with music playing and colors flying, were marching in companies toward the place of general rendevouz. Oldage, and blooming youth—grand-sire, and grandson, grand-mother, and grand-daughter—alike were "keeping Fourth of July." The beauty and loveliness of the city were tripping along, gracing with their many charms the festivities of the day, proud in the knowledge that they were the daughters of the free. Here might be seen the honest mechanic, with his neatly attired wife and little ones, wending their way along on foot; there the man of wealth in his fine equipage, or the trim beau on his prancing steed. Altogether it was an exciting scene, not the least lessened by the frequent roar of artillery that ever and anon broke upon the ear.

The young man wandered on, witnessing with pleasure the enthusiasm of a happy people, and thanking God that he was born in America—that he could call himself a freeman. For some time he had continued his walk, and he was now before the time-honored, and venerable State House. What emotions thrilled in his bosom as he looked upon that hoary edifice!—Upon that very spot, where long years before, was read for the first time to an assembled people, the Declaration of our Independence. There within those walls had often assembled those men of Roman courage—those choice spirits who had dared throw off the shackles of tyranny,—the illustrious signers of the instrument that declared us no longer subject to a Britain's will, and who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, for its support. Within its precincts, too, the footsteps of Washington, and La Fayette, had echoed—men whose memory will live forever in the hearts of a grateful people.

Full of such thoughts he stood riveted to the spot, when suddenly he was startled by a piercing scream, and upon looking round he discovered a pair of horses, with a carriage at their heels, coming down the street toward him, with lightning speed. On, on they came in their madd'ning course, and he had just time to observe a lady's veil floating out of the window of the vehicle, and that the driver still clung to the box, though unable to manage the animals, ere they were before him. The young man paused not an instant, but rushing forward he laid his hand upon the mane of the nearest steed, and with an agile spring, quick as thought, was upon his back. Grasping the reins, he continued to hold on with one hand, whilst with the other he drew from a side pocket a spring knife. Leaning down with great risk—for they were going at a rapid rate—he cut the harnessing of the off horse loose, as well as he could, and as far as he could reach; then regaining his upright position, with the point of his knife he pricked the mettled steed, who, giving a tremendous leap, cleared the shaft, and shot away at a fearful speed. Flinging the knife away, the young man now exerted all his strength to stop the horse he rode. Gradually his pace diminished, and at last he stood still, and quivering in every muscle, covered with foam. Some citizens at that instant laid hold upon the bridle, and jumping from his back, the young man opened the carriage door, and drew from within a young lady, who had fainted. Perceiving an apothecaries opposite, he immediately bore her hither. As he laid her upon a sofa in the shop, and whilst the proprietor was administering restoratives to her, he had an opportunity to examine her appearance. And what a vision of loveliness burst upon his sight! Her face was pale as death, yet it was divinely sweet, and her features were chiselled with an exquisite fineness. Her eyelids, half closed, revealed a pair of deep blue eyes, shaded by long silky lashes; and her eye-brows were just so delicately arched, and pencilled, as befitted the brow they graced. Her hair was jetty black, and now free from restraint, fell in rich luxuriance o'er her polished neck, as she lay there in calm unconsciousness.

Slowly she revived after a space, and, gazing wildly around seemed bewildered. After a moment, or so, memory began to resume its sway, and she recollected what had happened. The disordered apparel of the young man, as her eyes rested upon him, told her he was her preserver, and, blushing, she extended her hand, and in a sweet voice thanked him for his invaluable services. He bowed, and then in order to avoid the praises of the surrounding persons, he quitted the store, leaving her in care of the humane apothecary.

He had not been gone long before a gentleman appeared who addressed the young lady as niece, and who was almost frantic with joy at her escape. When she had sufficiently recovered, a carriage was procured, and he departed with her, regretting greatly that he was deprived of an opportunity of beholding the saviour of his niece's life.

CHAPTER VI.

On the morning after the event related in the foregoing chapter, the young man again left his hotel, and bent his steps toward Walnut street. As he went along, his eye took notice of every carriage that passed him, as though he would fain behold again the lovely girl he had rescued. Yes, her image haunted him constantly. She had been in his thoughts all the preceding day, and he had dreamed of her by night, and now he wished he could but behold her again. But it was vain. Many bright eyes beamed from the tasteful equipages, upon his graceful form as they whirled by; but those mild blue orbs that had looked so sweetly upon him the day before, were invisible.

He arrived at length before an elegant mansion, and taking a card from his pocket, looked first upon it, and then at the plate upon the door; then mounting the marble steps, he pulled the silver handled bell. In an instant the servant answered the summons.

"Does Mr. Walker reside here?" inquired the young man.

"Yes sir; will you walk in?"

The elegantly furnished parlour into which he was ushered bespoke the wealth of the inmates.

"Your name, sir, if you please," said the servant.

"He is unacquainted with my name; take this to him," answered the young man, handing him the card.

The servant departed, and in a few moments footsteps were heard in the entry, and then a gentleman of some forty years, or more, entered the apartment. He stood a second near the threshold, and steadfastly regarded the features of his visitor; then stepping toward him with a hasty pace, he grasped the young man's hand with a warmth that told he was no unwelcome guest.

"Welcome, welcome," said he, "a thousand welcomes. Had I an hundred tongues, they could not give sufficient welcome to the noble presence of my life. John," he continued, summoning the servant, "bid your mistress come hither."

"And now," said he to the young man, "allow me to inquire to whom I am indebted for preservation from a watery grave."

"You set too high a value upon my poor services sir. My name is William Leslie, nephew of Charles Richardson, of New York."

"The merchant Richardson of New York?" inquired he.

The young man nodded assent.

"I rejoice in it, for he is a worthy man."

"Alas, sir, he lives no more," and the tears dimmed the young man's eyes, "he died about a month since."

"Dead! May he rest in peace!"

At this moment a light step was heard at the threshold, and what was William Leslie's surprise to behold before him the lovely girl he had saved from death the preceding day. Blushing, she immediately, and before the gentleman had time to introduce William, proceeded to thank him for her life.

"How is this niece?" asked Mr. Walton.

"It was he, Uncle, who yesterday saved me," said she with downcast eyes.

Tears of gratitude started to the Uncle's eyes.

"Then, Gertrude, we both owe to him—"

"Gertrude!" interrupted the young man eagerly, "excuse me if I inquire your niece's family name."

"Clarendon," was the reply.

"Clarendon! Do you know ought of this purse, Miss?" asked he putting one in her hand.

"I do," said she, as after examining it she handed it to Mr. Walton. "Uncle do you remember your gift?"

Astonishment was depicted in the countenances of each. They knew the purse, but recollected but dimly how it had passed from their possession.

"I have it now," cried Mr. Walton suddenly, "it is the one you so generously gave to a little beggar boy on Christmas day, many years ago."

"Yes, yes," said Gertrude, "now I remember; I little expected to see it again."

"Perhaps you as little expected to see him to whom you gave it," said William, "I and the little beggar boy are one."

We will pass over the mingled astonishment and pleasure of the parties, and only notice briefly the events of his life, as he related them to Mr. Walton and his niece.

His mother, who with a brother were the only children of a rich merchant of New York, had married against her father's consent, and was by him disowned. Her brother, who dearly loved her, essayed to dispell her father's anger, but it was unavailing. Her, and her husband, removed to the West, and her brother heard no more of them. In a year or two afterwards the old gentleman died, leaving all his fortune to his son, who would fain have sought his sister out, and shared with her his riches, but he knew not where to seek her. In the meanwhile bad fortune seemed to pursue his sister, and her husband, in the West. Two children had been born to them, William the hero of our story, and a daughter; the latter died when she was about two years old. Sickness, and other casualties, reduced them greatly, and they thought if they could but get back again to their native city, they might get some assistance from Mrs. Leslie's father, who by this time probably had relented. But Mr. Leslie did not live to reach New York. Grief and care had undermined his health, and he died ere they had completed half the journey. William, and his mother, reached Philadelphia, where Mrs. Leslie was taken sick and died, as we have seen, in poverty. William had often heard her speak of his grandfather, and uncle, and after having her buried with part of the money he received from Gertrude, he journeyed by the aid of the remainder, to New York, and sought out his uncle, who received him, and treated him with a father's kindness, and when he died made him his heir.

"And now," said William, "I will ever bless the day when I became the possessor of this purse."

Reader! need I prolong my story! I ween not. You have no doubt already guessed what happened next: that after a courtship there was a declaration of love, and after a declaration of love a marriage, and to some that more important thing a marriage feast. You are perfectly right. But you will not, perhaps, so easily divine what became of two other characters in my story: I think I hear you inquiring already what of "Jane and Louise Walton!" Oh! excuse me, I had forgot to state that they had already ceased to exist, and were buried— "Ceased to exist! Buried!" You're exclaiming. Hold! now; not so fast. I do not mean that they had ceased to exist in life, but that they had ceased to exist in maidenhood, and had for several years been buried in the bosom of their happy homes. And now that I have satisfied you, adieu!

Philada. July, 1841.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

A Maiden Sat by a Linden Tree.

A maiden sat by a Linden tree
In a Southern forest, wild and free—
And the blooming woods of that silent vale
By Summer's light winds sway'd
Ne'er trembled to a sweeter tale
Than that, his lips betray'd—
As a lover knelt by that maiden pale,
And breath'd in accents soft and low
Thoughts, such as lovers only know

The lover's tones were gay and free
As he knelt by her side 'neath the Linden tree
Lady, I've roam'd o'er lands afar—
Through knowing, and unknown;
And I choose a bower where the Western star
Most sweetly on me shone—
Come go with me, and rival there
That light of my Western home"
But the maiden's cheek still grew more pale,
For her thoughts were with her silent vale."

The lover changed his accents free
As he knelt beneath the Linden tree
And they grew to a deep impassion'd wail—
For, his heart was full of woe;
And thus he said: "From this silent vale
Sweet lady, you will not go!"
But his tone has touch'd that maiden pale;
And the bright tears freely flow—
She has vow'd unto him her first love there
And follows the light of his Western star

The Gipsy Girl.

It was a rich autumnal evening, and the sky had that soft and mellow hue, which is only seen at the decline of a November day, when a horseman might be discovered, leisurely moving along a broken road, that wound among stunted trees, and rugged banks, in the vicinity of one of those old forests for which England is so celebrated. The stranger was attired in a common shooting dress, and mounted on a sturdy little pony, who seemed intended more for use than for show. The lane was almost deserted; but now and then a village maiden would pass the rider, and as she did, it might have been remarked that she turned to take a second look at his open, handsome countenance. The road, however, soon became more solitary, and for nearly a quarter of an hour the horseman pursued his way in silence.

"Surely," said he, at last, speaking abstractedly, like one thinking aloud, "I have seen this place before; yet when I know not. The recollection of it comes across me like an object beheld in a dream, dim and shadowy. And that old tree," continued he, checking his horse, beside a gnarled and twisted oak, which for centuries had braved the tempest, "I recollect it as vividly as if I had seen it only yesterday," and he put his hand to his brow, as if endeavoring to recall some fugitive recollection to his memory. But the effort appeared to be unsuccessful, and after a moment's pause, he gave his horse the rein, and went on.

As he proceeded the road grew less wild, and at last emerged into an open glade of the forest. He had half crossed the verdant meadow when the cries, apparently of a boy, were heard amid the underwood ahead, and hastening instinctively forward, he discovered a little dark-eyed child, not more than ten years old, in the hands of a coarse, ruffianly-looking rustic, who was beating him unmercifully. A young girl, about eighteen, stood by imploring the man to desist, and a single glance convinced the horseman that, though her dark eyes, coal-black hair, and characteristic costume betokened her to be a gipsy, few of any race could vie with her in beauty. It was the impulse of a moment to spring from his horse, and snatch the boy from the grype of the rustic, sternly demanding at the same time what had induced him to abuse one so inferior in strength. The man somewhat abashed, stammered out that he knew him to be a young rascal, who belonged to a gang of gipsys, that had pilfered his farm-yard of poultry.

"Oh! no—believe him not," said the gipsy girl, speaking for the first time since the interference of the stranger, "it is not so—Hamet never, never did it—he is my brother"—and as she lifted her countenance, with its dark eyes still glistening with tears, to the face of the young man, he felt that there was that in her artless earnestness which proved that she spoke only truth.

"It is enough," said he, turning to the now sullen countryman, "that you were beating a child—shame on your manhood for it—I will take care," he added, again addressing the girl, "that he harms you no more if you wish to go!"

The girl seemed too eager to escape from the presence of the brutal farmer, to hesitate a moment in adopting the stranger's advice, but hurriedly taking her brother's hand, she struck off into the depths of the forest. As she turned to go, however, she lifted her eyes once more to the face of the stranger. That look of gratitude, so timid, and yet so unreserved, lingered in his memory for years. The rustic looked sullenly after his retreating victim for a minute, and then with a muttered imprecation struck across the glade. Watching long enough to be satisfied that he meditated no pursuit after the gipsies, the young man mounted his pony, and continued his journey.

The moon was already visible above the tops of the neighboring trees, when he emerged from the wood, a mile or two distant from where we last left him, and tying his horse to the paling of a neighboring park, sprang lightly over the enclosure. At the first sound of his footsteps on the soil within, a light female form stole noiselessly out of a neighboring shadow. In the next minute she was locked in the intruder's arms.

"Isabel—my own, my love," passionately said the young man, pressing her to his heart.

"Herbert, you have come at last, but why," murmured his companion, "why are you so late?"

"I had an adventure, and I missed my way, but it is nothing now that I see you once more," and he playfully kissed her cheek.

And minute after minute passed, and those two young beings still continued, conversing in a low tone, such as only lovers use or can understand. At last the lady said, as if in allusion to something of which they had been speaking.

"But Herbert, you know this cannot always be, and that my father will grow impatient for me to answer, either favorably or not, the addresses of Sir John De Vere—counsel me," and the beautiful girl, almost wrung her hands, "how, how shall we act!"

"Isabel, my own Isabel," said the lover passionately, "why will you thus almost forbid me to hope! As you say yourself this temporising must come to an end. Why not," and he pressed the fair girl again to his side, "end it at once, and be mine! I cannot offer you splendor—God knows I wish I could!—but I have at least a competence at my command: My commission and my little fortune will together afford us that."

"No—no, it cannot be—I cannot desert my father,—ask me to do any thing but that."

For a moment the lover was silent, and perhaps a slight frown might have been seen a moment on his brow. If so it passed instantly away. His companion seemed to read his feelings, for laying her hand confidingly on his, she looked up into his face, with her soft, blue eyes, and said,

"Herbert—you know how I love you, but surely you would not ask me to prove it, by openly disobeying the only parent I have left. Perhaps I do wrong even in meeting you here—at any rate it must be the last one for the present. Nay, now, do not say any thing, dear Herbert, for I am all your own; and though fate may never make me yours, no one shall ever make me another's," and bursting into tears she flung herself unreservedly into her lover's arms.

"Nay, dry up those tears, sweet one," said he, soothing her gently, "I did but jest—you are too pure, and good, Isabel, for one like me. But listen now, dearest, to what I have often promised to tell you of my early life, and what I know of my birth. Remember I said I would tell it to you to-night."

The beautiful girl lifted her head from his shoulder, brushed back the thick tresses from her snowy forehead, and with her lover's hand clasped in her own, sat down to listen to his story.

"Of my early childhood," began the lover, "I have but a faint recollection, yet I remember a rich old hall, and that a sweet lady, dressed in black, used to take me in her arms, and look into my face until the tears gushed into her eyes. Then she would kiss me again and again—but all this seems only like a half remembered dream. I recollect, too, a wide lawn, for such it seemed to me, and a gnarled and twisted oak whose counterpart I saw with much surprise to-night. Then I recollect a dismal day when every thing was hung in black, and they told me the sweet lady was dead. I knew not then what they meant, but I knew it was something dreadful, and so I wept. After that every thing seems a blank, until one day I went out with a woman who must have been my nurse, and we strolled on amid green fields and under hoary trees, until suddenly a number of men rushed up to us, and taking me in their arms, carried me away. I remember how frightened I was, and that I began to cry. But I was soon muffled up so that I could neither see nor utter a complaint—at least so it appears to my memory. But all this I recollect indistinctly, and the faces and every thing are shadowy and flitting.

"After that I remember being a poor, wretched little boy in a dirty suburb in London, where the old houses were tottering with age, and all around bore the marks of poverty and crime. I remember, too, once catching a glimpse of a woman that looked like what I had fancied my nurse to be; but I only saw her for an instant in the dirty hovel where I lived, and as soon as I appeared she vanished. For years I lived a life of toil and sorrow, and petty tyranny. I knew that the two degraded beings who called me their child were not my parents, but I knew also, from experience, that I dare not say so. At last I grew old enough to learn that there was a way of escaping from such a home, and I remember one fine summer day stealing away into the fields, and wandering on till night in the country, thinking the farther I got from town, the safer I should be. I was taken up by an old bachelor, he whose name I bear, who took pity on my destitute condition, and was to me a father, until the day of his death. He procured me, at the proper age, a commission, and left me, by his will, his little fortune. It is that which I have to offer you."

"You know the rest of my history. I met you, and loved you. At your cousin's quiet seat, we mingled in each other's society unchecked, and at last you owned that you were not wholly insensible to me. Then came our separation—and then your father's refusal! I was only a poor soldier it was true—such were his words—but that he might have overlooked, had I brought with me the name of some knightly line. It was in vain I wrote to him the story of my early life: he answered that such faint recollections could not be depended on; that it was only some childish dream, which I had confounded with the reality; and that my words had only given him new arguments against me. But enough. He never told you this—did he, Isabel!"

"Never—alas! he will never relent," murmured the beautiful girl despondingly.

"But I have now, since I came here to see you again after a year's separation," added the lover, with a more sanguine tone than his companion used, "some hope, however faint, of discovering the secret of my birth. It was but yesterday that I saw an old woman, at a poor cottage just outside the park gate of Lord Stanforth—your country peer, I believe"—she nodded assent—"who seemed agitated, I knew not why, at my sight. She muttered something I could not hear, and rushed hastily into her little hovel. This morning I received a strange note, written on dirty paper, hinting that the writer knew something of my real parentage and rights, and appointing to-morrow evening, an hour after dark, to meet me, in a certain glade of the old forest, called 'Wizard Glen.' The note was incoherently written, and signed 'a repentant woman.'"

"And will you, go!" eagerly asked the maiden.

"Certainly," answered her lover, "if it results in nothing I shall be no loser, and there is every thing on the other hand to gain. I hired a boy to guide me to the spot to-day, in order that I might not be observed to-morrow."

"But may it not be a snare only to rob, and—perhaps—murder you," said the maiden, in a quivering voice.

"No fear of it, Isabel,—I shall go armed—but cheer up, dearest," said her lover, fondly kissing her, "for this may be the last adventure of my changing life preparatory to obtaining my rights, whatever they may be."

"But what connexion has the old woman at the park-gate with all this?"

"What!—why, I fancy that she is the writer of the note, and the one about to meet me. It may be a delusion; but connecting her agitation with a receipt of a letter from a woman, I cannot come to any other conclusion—but now, farewell.—I must go, or your absence from the hall will be marked—we may soon meet in happier times," and with these words, he once more pressed the maiden to his bosom, and as instantly tearing himself away, sprang over the enclosure, and was heard the next instant cantering along the road.

The maiden stood on the spot where he had left her, until the last sound of his horse's hoofs had died in the distance, when, heaving a deep sigh, she turned, and following a narrow path for about a hundred yards, entered the wide avenue that led through the park up to the door of Reverdy Hall, the seat of her father Sir James Reverdy.

In a rich old gothic apartment, through whose stained window the light fell with a soft mellow hue, sat a man, elegantly attired, on the evening we have introduced the two lovers to our readers. A table was before him at which he had been writing. The lines of care were stamped on his brow; his features were sharp and thin; his hair was white with age; and his hand trembled as he held the pen. He was evidently in the decline of a life, spent in alternate scheming and pleasure. Suddenly a knock was heard at the door, and his valet half entered the apartment.

"The man has come, my lord," said he enquiringly.

"Show him up," was the response.

The valet disappeared, and in a few minutes the door was cautiously opened, and an individual stole into the room with a quiet, cat-like pace, and stood before the earl. His air was coarse, brutal, yet insidious, making one shrink involuntarily as from a viper. The nobleman looked up.

"Is all ready?" said the earl.

"It is my lord, I have hired the three men, and the lugger will lay off and on all the evening for us."

The nobleman did not immediately answer, but placing his head on his hand, he seemed for some moments lost in thought. Suddenly raising his eyes to those of the stranger, he said.

"And yourself—where will you go?"

"The bargain was, I believe," said the man coolly, and with somewhat of an air of impudence, "that I should reside abroad on the continent, binding myself that I should never re-visit England, or breathe a word about this business to any one—was it not?" the nobleman impatiently nodded assent, "and for this I was to have three hundred a year. I intend to keep my part of the contract, and I imagine you'll keep your part too, ha, ha," and the man laughed familiarly.

"Enough of this," said the earl, haughtily interrupting him, "we understand each other. All I wish to know is whether your plans are so well laid that they cannot fail. Are they?"

"They are,—shall I tell your lordship?"

"No, no," replied the proud nobleman, wishing to break off the seeming confidence between them, "go now,—I am satisfied—and here, let that urge you to double assiduity,—when he is safe, you shall have the rest."

The man took the well filled purse, made a clumsy bow, and seeing that his interview was over, departed with the same stealthy pace with which he came. The earl gazed at the door through which he vanished, until the sound of his footsteps had died in the distance, and then flinging himself back in his luxurious chair, he covered his eyes with his hand.

"Caught in my own trap," he said, half aloud, as if musing to himself, "and forced to resort to this gipsy to get me out of it. Well, it is no new confidence given any how; for he knows the whole business from its origin. He has only grown more rapacious—that is all. Three hundred a year though, what is that to this broad earldom! *He*, who has turned up just at this moment so cursedly unfortunate, would gladly give ten times the sum to have his rights. But he never will. To-morrow will remove him from my path; and with him goes all danger of detection," and for an instant he paused.

"A strange life has been mine," said the earl, as if thinking aloud, "Born of a noble house, without more than a competence, but with the most ardent passions, I naturally envied my more fortunate cousin, and repined at fate for her unkindness.—Suddenly, by a train of happy circumstances I saw the possession of his title and estates, almost within my grasp; for he died, but a month after his lady, leaving no children, except a little boy, scarcely two years old. No one now stood between me and the realization of every earthly wish, but this whining baby. I did not pause. He was yet too young to feel or know aught connected with his elevated fortune, and his removal would do him, therefore, no injury. Besides had not the estates better be in hands capable of making their revenue useful by keeping it in circulation, than remain locked up during a long minority only to make one man eventually inordinately rich. I determined on my course, won over the nurse by first seducing her, and then hired this gipsy to make way with him. He said he did so, at the time; but I learned in a few years he had deceived me. I lost sight of the heir for nearly twenty years, but here he is now suddenly turned up, to cross my path, and perhaps learn his rights. The gipsy swears to his identity, and is villain enough to betray me, if I had not bought him over. But the nurse, what is to be done with her! How fortunate it is that her conversation was overheard by this Bohemian villain. She is old now, and forgetting my bounty to her, would betray me. Her meeting is doubtless to acquaint him with his rights. But it shall not be. I would fain have saved her," he continued, "but she has brought on her own ruin. She too must be shipped off, and when once on the open sea, why God defend them. An earldom is not every day in the balance—why should we hesitate as to means!"

Thus reasoned this crafty and scheming nobleman, striving to hide from himself by his sophistry, the crimes he meditated. Those dark communings with himself, however, revealed the history of his life.

"Well," he at length resumed, after pacing the apartment some time in silence, as if thoughts too deep for words were crowding in his bosom, "to-morrow the game will be up; and I shall either be safe for the rest of this life, or," he paused again, "*he* will have won all. But why these forebodings," he added, "it did not use to be so when I was young. Ah! I forgot, I am growing old, my hand trembles, my hair is gray, pleasure no longer yields me a recompense. And thus the body acts upon the mind, and both grow weak together.—Faugh! then on my idle fancies. I have nothing to fear from the result. I shall sleep to-morrow, quietly, but my enemy," and pausing a moment, he added, sternly, "he will sleep the sleep of death."

And with these words he rang the bell, and was preceded by his valet to his gorgeous chamber.

Herbert Woodruff—for that was the name of the young stranger—woke the next morning after many a dream of happiness, in which Isabel Reverdy, always bore a prominent part. He would have had no excuse, however, after the conversation of the last evening, to detain him at the humble inn, where he had slept, if the message he had received and the accompanying agitation of the old woman at the park-gate, had not filled him with the hope of learning something of his real history—a hope, vague it is true, but one which the hitherto impenetrable darkness which had shrouded his early life exalted into momentary importance. Still, however, he hesitated whether to give the woman the meeting she asked for, or return at once to his regiment. He had no enemy in the place: he knew in fact, no one; and it could not therefore be a plan to waylay him. Equally improbable was it that the old woman wished to lure him into the haunts of a gang of robbers. At any rate he could provide himself against any such surprise by concealing some weapons under his ample shooting jacket. Weighing these thoughts in his mind, and impelled by a secret conviction that he should learn something of his early life he mounted his horse, as the twilight approached, and set out to the rendezvous.

The evening was fast closing in, and he had just passed the last enclosure, separating the more cultivated country from an open glade of the forest, when a rustling was heard upon the dry stalks of the neighboring walk, a bark of a dog followed, and the gipsy girl whom he had met the night before, stood suddenly before him, while her noisy companion showed his dislike of the stranger and his horse by his unintermitted yelping.

"Down—down," said that same sweet voice; and the dog was silent at once, though he still kept a suspicious eye upon the young man.

The appearance of the gipsy girl had been so sudden that for a moment the officer did not speak; but checking his horse involuntarily, he gazed at the beautiful being before him in silence. And well might such loveliness arrest his eye. Beautiful as she had seemed the night previous, there was something in the hour, and the scenery around, which made her doubly so, and gave to her countenance a sibyl-like expression, such as is seen only in dreams, and which has never been transferred to the canvass of the painter unless in that celebrated head of the prophetess, in the Vatican. The dark lustrous eyes; the arched nose; the grecian mouth and chin; the long, raven hair escaping from beneath the characteristic head dress of her race, formed a picture we shall not attempt to describe. The young officer we have said, gazed on it in silent admiration. She was the first to speak, and a deep blush mantled on her cheek as she asked.

"Shall I tell your fortune, good sir?" The young man, as if under the influence of a spell, mechanically held out his hand, though at any other time, or to another person, he would have perhaps refused it.

"I see here," said the gipsy girl, perusing attentively the lines drawn across the palm of his hand, and affecting the tone of prophecy, used by her race on such occasions, "much that is good and much that is ill. But above all I see a great crisis hanging over you," and suddenly lifting her eye to his face, she added, "you will be in danger to-night—take care!"

"Ha!" said the young officer, thrown momentarily off his guard, by a prediction so much in unison with some of his own thoughts during that day, "ha! how know you that!"

"Our art is mysterious," said the girl, in the same tone, "and who shall tell its hidden secrets! Enough to know you are in great danger: if you are wise you will turn back."

"How know you where I am going?" asked the young man, still more surprised than before.

"How know I! How do the stars know—how does this line say—how speaks your own horoscope?"

"Away with such folly," said the young man, beginning to suspect that the object of the gipsy girl was, after all, only to arouse his curiosity, and obtain a richer largesse for her prophecies, "I am not to be gulled by words like these—here is your money," and he held out a half-a-crown, and would have passed on. But the gipsy girl let the silver fall indignantly to the ground, and laying her hand upon his arm, while a large tear-drop glistened in her dark eye, she said,

"You must—you must indeed listen to me—turn back," and her voice trembled with agitation as she spoke. The young officer could not withstand the look of entreaty in those dark, swimming eyes, and ashamed of his momentary rudeness, he dropped his gaze to the ground.

"Promise me," said the gipsy girl again, in a still more agitated voice, "you did me a service last night—listen to my warning now. Go not to this meeting."

"Meeting!" suddenly ejaculated the young man.

"Yes—but hark!—there are footsteps approaching," suddenly said the girl, as the crackling of the dry twigs in the woodland path announced the neighborhood of a third party, and lifting her finger warningly, she had but time to gain a clump of trees, before the intruder appeared, in the shape of an old, coarse, gipsy woman, coming from an encampment, which the young man now saw, as he emerged into a little glade of the forest, some short distance on the right. A couple of men were lounging by a pot over a fire, while a low hut stood in the rear.

"Good even—my young squire—shall I tell your fortune for you?" said the old crone, as she appeared, dressed in her tattered red cloak, emerging into the light.

The young man shook his head, and giving his horse the rein, dashed on. As he turned to look back, after going a few paces, he fancied he saw, through the dim twilight, the form of the gipsy girl, concealed from her companion's observation by some low bushes. Her finger was held ominously up. In another instant a turn in the road hid her from his sight.

The thoughts of the young officer were strange and perplexed, as he pursued his way through the now darkening forest. He would have banished the warning of the gipsy girl wholly from his mind under ordinary circumstances, but there was an earnestness, an air of truth in her manner that carried conviction at once to his mind. But by what means did she become aware of the danger threatening him, and in what shape was that danger to appear! Was it not most probable that a plan had been laid by the gipsys to waylay and rob him in the Wizard Glen, that it had been overheard by the gipsy girl, and that gratitude toward him had induced her to reveal it. But then how could these gipsys know any thing of an almost perfect stranger, so as to promise to reveal facts for the knowledge of which he would willingly sacrifice his whole fortune! Besides he could not persuade himself that the agitation of the old woman at the park-gate had no connexion with the note he had received. With these perplexing thoughts his mind was occupied until, by the faint light of the few stars yet out in the sky overhead, he perceived that he had unconsciously approached the entrance to the Wizard Glen. Chance often, in moments of doubt, carries the day against both sides; and so it was at present. Having reached the place of meeting, appointed by his unknown correspondent, the young officer determined to remain at every risk, and behold the termination of what promised to be an adventure. Neglecting, however, no precaution, he tied his horse in a neighboring copse, examined his arms, and placing himself behind a huge oak, waited in its gloomy shadow for the arrival of his correspondent.

More than half an hour elapsed, and as no one came, the young officer began to grow impatient, when suddenly a form emerged from the obscurity of a neighboring clump of trees, and gazed anxiously around. The intruder was a woman, and one tottering with age. A single glance convinced the officer that his suspicions were right, and that the singular being at the park-gate stood before him. He did not hesitate therefore at once to advance.

"You are come," said his companion, in an agitated voice, as soon as she became aware of his presence—"but you know not to whom. Had any one told you of the injury I have done you, instead of being here, you would have remained away to curse me. But this is idle—let me look into your face."

"My good woman," said the young officer, speaking for the first time, "why this agitation! What injury could you have done to me, a stranger, and one whom you never saw before! What—"

"Oh! speak not so," said the woman, interrupting him, "you look so like your sainted mother—"

"My mother—what know you of her—speak—for heaven's sake!" said the young man, becoming as agitated as his companion.

"Oh, much, much—much that would make my heart bleed to tell—only that justice requires that it should be done—but why delay—listen—you are the rightful Earl of Stanforth."

"I—I," stammered the young officer

"Yes—but listen," and with these words she unfolded a story which had lain long hidden in her breast.

She had been the nurse in the family of the last Earl of Stanforth, and, after the deaths of both himself and his lady, had possessed the almost sole charge of the young heir, then a child scarcely eighteen months of age. There was a cousin of the late earl, with whom she had become acquainted, and who, by dazzling her vain imagination with promises of unbounded wealth, had succeeded in seducing her. Through mingled affection for her betrayer, and love of the splendor, he promised her in case of success, she had been induced to take the child out almost unprotected into the park, where he was one day seized and carried off. As she had been instructed, when called upon by the authorities to give such evidence as would lead to the detection of the way layers, she declared that, in the scuffle which ensued between her and the men for the possession of the young heir, he was killed by a stab from one of the men, and that then, and not till then, did she cease resistance. Her testimony was believed, and her lover became the Earl of Stanforth.

We will not detail the subsequent events of her life. It was like that of every one who begins a career of crime. Twenty years found her prematurely old, living on the scanty bounty of one who had once vowed never to forget her. A life of guilt had almost seared her heart; but the cold neglect of the earl, and the scanty pittance allowed her had long soured her feelings. The sight of the young officer, reminding her forcibly of her first master, had woke up within her the springs of remorse. She made such few hasty enquiries as she dared, and learnt the name under which he passed. His servant, too, had inadvertantly betrayed the secret of his master's uncertain birth. But above all she had watched him unobserved the morning she sent the note appointing the meeting, and from a scar upon his ear, which he had received from a fall in early infancy, she felt that the young officer and her former charge was one. She ended by imploring his forgiveness.

Words cannot paint the feelings of the young man during this tale. Here was his birth at once made known. The testimony was convincing. His brain reeled as he asked, when she had concluded,

"But does any one else know of this?"

The woman was about to answer when the eye of the young officer fell upon the shadow of a man at her feet, and turning hastily around he saw four men, dressed in the garb of sailors emerging from the underwood behind, and each brandishing a cutlass. The gipsy's warning at once flashed upon him; but even yet, as his steed was nigh, escape might have been possible, had it not been for his companion. He knew too, the weight of the information she had just imparted to him, and for an instant he paused uncertain how to act.

"The man—this way—Jim, the woman, one of you is enough for that," shouted the gruff voice of the leader, and with the word he rushed toward the young officer.

"Stand off," said he, drawing a pistol from his bosom, "another step and you are dead."

The man eyed him an instant with his dark, glowing eye, and then sprang upon him with the ferocity of a tiger.

"God have mercy on you," ejaculated the young officer as he fired; and springing, like a deer into the air, the ruffian fell dead upon the ground.

"D—n it," muttered another of the group, who had hung back hitherto, "he has killed Benj. let us revenge him—come on."

The two men sprang forward at the instant, and one of them fired a pistol that disabled the left arm of the young officer. With his back planted against a huge tree, he prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. He doubted not but the ruffians before him had been instigated to his murder by those interested in silencing his claims to his birth-right; and though he had as yet heard only the bare assertion of it that night from his companion, yet a thousand circumstances in corroboration of it, even to that stirring moment, flashed across the mind. The old hall—the dim, half remembered scenery—and a faint recollection of having once borne the name of Stanforth rushed over his memory as he waited the onset of the two brutal ruffians. He had but his sword arm which he could use; but he determined to sell his life dearly. The third man, too, having secured the woman, was hastening to join in the attack. Already several passes had been exchanged between him and his assailants; and the loss of blood was momentarily weakening him more, when the gallop of a horse was heard through the forest—it drew nearer and nearer—the ruffi

passed to him—and the next minute an armed force of some dozen dragoons dashed furiously into their midst, and springing from their steeds had seized, and made prisoners the assailants, almost before the young officer had recovered from his surprise sufficiently to come forward and recognize in his deliverers a portion of his own company.

"Howard! you here?" was his first exclamation, addressed to the officer in command, whose rich uniform betokened him to be of the rank of a major.

"How, Woodruff—it is a long story—but as we were marching to—a gipsy girl met us on the road, and told me if I would save your life, I must come here on a hard gallop. I did not hesitate, for knowing you were masquerading hereabouts, I picked out a half a score of your own men, and here I am; and you may thank the girl's beauty for believing her. Faith! as soon as she mentioned your name, I saw how it was—but," he continued, his eye happening, for the first time, to fall upon the woman, "whom have we here?"

In a few hurried words Woodruff explained all to the astonishment of the major.

"But we must have it proved—she must swear to it before a magistrate within an hour—here," said he, addressing one of the dragoons, "have this woman mounted as well as you may behind one of you—but—by my faith, where is the third villain I saw here—has he escaped!"

It was indeed so. During the first confusion of the attack the ruffian who had pinioned the woman, had made his escape unnoticed. Nothing was now left therefore but to hasten from the ground.

The story of the woman was reduced to writing by the magistrate, and regularly sworn to. The next point was to substantiate her account by other evidence if possible. Meanwhile the officers of Woodruff's regiment, which had now arrived, crowded around him to offer their congratulations. Suddenly, however, a man on horseback dashed up to the justice's door, and rushed breathlessly into his room.

"The Earl of Stanforth—the Earl of Stanforth," was his agitated exclamation.

"But what of him?" said the magistrate advancing.

"He is dead."

"Dead!" said the group, recoiling, "but how did he die?"

"He shot himself through the head," said the man, "and they've sent me to you to come up as coroner."

It appeared from subsequent developments that the fugitive from the Wizard's Glen had been no other than the gipsy, whom we have introduced as being the agent of the earl in removing the young heir from his path. He had engaged a party of smugglers to assist him, and it was their leader whom Woodruff had killed. The gipsy had hurried back to the castle to inform the nobleman of their failure; and that all had been discovered.—The ignominy of detection, acting on the haughty mind of the earl, had led him to commit suicide.

Our tale is done. The gipsy, in attempting to make his escape, was caught, and subsequently substantiated the evidence of the nurse. The young heir, thus identified, took possession of the estates without opposition.

The gipsy girl was seen no more. How she obtained information of the contemplated attack was never known, but it is supposed that by some means she overheard the conversation of the gipsy with the smuggler, as it was known to have taken place in their encampment. Her tribe passed away from the vicinity on the night of the earl's death, and the inquiries of the young heir were without avail. About two months after, however, he received a crumpled note from a ragged little boy, who instantly disappeared. It was short, and ran thus:

"I shall never see you more. I could not do so and be happy, for they tell me that you are about to be married to a fair lady of your own race. May you be happy. The greatest pleasure I shall hereafter enjoy will be in thinking I once saved your life."

"Poor girl," said the young earl, handing the letter to his young countess, whom all our readers will recognize as Isabel Reverdy, "we owe her every thing—I would she could be found."

"And so do I, Herbert, for alas! she is unhappy—poor girl!"

We drop the curtain. Years of unalloyed felicity passed over the earl, and his still beautiful bride, but they never heard again of the gipsy girl.

SATURDAY POST.

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SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances*. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

An Apology.

We owe our readers an apology for the appearance of the Post this week. An error was committed by the manufacturer, in regard to the size of the paper, and was not discovered until we went to press, when it was too late to correct it.

The Extra Session of Congress.

Much dissatisfaction seems to prevail at the prospect of a prolonged session of Congress. More than a month has been spent, and but little, if any thing has been done. The time in the lower house appears to be devoted to empty brawling, with no regard to the amount of money which is thus senselessly frittered away. There appears to be a growing desire for long sessions, and each member appears to be willing to contribute his mite, to bring about a result so desirable. We agree with a writer in one of the daily papers, who says that whatever is desired to be done should be tested by a caucus vote of which ever party desires to forward a measure, and if it cannot be done, it should be abandoned at once, and the country would thus be saved much money, and the members much breath.

There appears, however, to be a thorough splitting up of parties, and but little union among the Administration. The plans which it seemed desirable to further have not met with the cordial and unanimous support which was expected, and without any maturity of purpose; the party leaders are driving along without much aim. Not much regard, it is true, is to be paid to rumors from Washington, but the indications are strong that there is a difference of opinion between the President and Mr. Clay, as to the *kind* of a National Bank which shall be established. The former is supposed to favor the project of Mr. Ewing, and the latter supports most strenuously the amendments introduced by himself. On the other hand, the opposition moves in solid column against the measure, watching and favoring every sign of dissension on the part of the friends of the National Bank.

The Congressional news will sufficiently explain the course of discussion, and will show, that Messrs. Rives and Preston are in direct opposition to Mr. Clay, and that nothing but a compromise can enable them to carry through successfully the measures which they deem of advantage to the government and the people. We have watched the progress of the session pretty closely, and to our mind, the business for which Congress was convened, has not progressed in the least degree. There have been modifications and amendments of all kinds, but has there been any thing brought forward which a *majority will sanction*, and the President *sustain*? Do the parties at all understand the views of each other? We think not.

There appears to be rather a desire to make political capital by both sides of the political parties represented on the floors of Congress than a wish to serve the people. We care not whether the plans advocated and opposed be upon one side or the other of the great questions which agitate the political world, they should be treated and discussed with proper courtesy and forbearance, and in all good faith, and if good, should be approved, and if injurious to the country, or in opposition to the spirit of its Constitution should be unhesitatingly rejected. These considerations Congress is to decide, *and all trifling and idle debate upon questions irrelevant, or of secondary importance*, should be discarded, and with an eye to the prosperity of the country and the *economy of its money*, the representatives of the people *should talk less*, and *think* and *act more*.

Celebrations.

The fifth of July was very generally observed in this city, in honor of the anniversary of our National Independence. The day was unusually fine. The prominent feature of the day was the celebrations of the various Temperance Associations of the city and county. A large number, and a majority being adults, met at the Franklin Square in the morning, and about the hour designated took up their line of march in three grand divisions, under the direction of Marshals, on horseback, and numerous assistants, with several bands of music, and each society and association displaying a banner. There were about twenty societies, and made an aggregate in the procession of over seven hundred persons. After proceeding through the route in the city, the procession went over Schuylkill to the woodlands at Fountain..., where addresses were made by Messrs. Attwood and Burroughs, with other exercises. The company partook of refreshments provided on the ground, and spent a delightful day, returning into the city about six

A number of Youths' and Sabbath School Temperance Societies paraded, numbering some two or three hundred children, male and female, and after marching through a few of our streets, those of the western section of the city repaired to the Rev. Mr. Chambers' Church, in Broad street, where they were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Sisty. Those of the eastern section went to the Tabernacle in Ronaldson street, and were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Waterman.

The Catholic Total Abstinence procession was large and truly imposing. A large number of societies were present with beautiful banners, each member wearing a medal attached to his coat by a piece of ribbon. It is computed that near three thousand persons were in the procession. This body, after passing through a number of streets, proceeded to the Philadelphia Museum, where the Declaration of Independence was read by Alderman Binns, and an oration by the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, together with other exercises of a very interesting character.

The Repeal Association.

This Association celebrated the anniversary of our National Independence in a spirited manner. At noon they met in great numbers in Independence Square, and after electing about one hundred new members, and after Judge Doran had concluded reading letters from the Boston, Wilmington and Norristown Repeal Associations and from William Denman, Esq. of New York, the Association formed into procession, preceded by the volunteer companies of the Hibernia Greens, Lieutenant commanding Frederick Mullen, the Montgomery Hibernia Greens, Captain Robert Flanagan, and the Irish Volunteers, a new military company not yet uniformed. Then followed a barouche, in which were Judge Doran and John Binns, Esq. another drawn by four horses, containing the New York delegation, and a third in which were several revolutionary soldiers. Next came the Lancaster Repeal Association, with a very handsome banner; they mustered about forty-five members, and were under the direction of Colonel Reah Fraser, of Lancaster. Then followed the Philadelphia Repeal Association; they were divided into four hundred and sixty-five sections, each containing four men, making the whole number of Philadelphia Repealers on parade, eighteen hundred and sixty; they arrived at the Arch street Theatre at about four and a half o'clock, the boxes of which, it appeared, had been entirely devoted to the ladies. The pit was reserved for the members and others attending the Association, but it was too small to accommodate one half of them. Immediately upon the arrival at the Theatre, the President took his seat upon an elevated platform on the stage, Judge Conrad being on his right, and Alderman Binns on his left. He made a few appropriate remarks, and was followed by Alderman Binns, who read the Declaration of Independence. Judge Conrad delivered the Oration, and a beautiful production it was. His subject was the wrongs of Ireland, the injustice of England, and the perfect propriety of Americans sympathising with all people—particularly the Irish—struggling to be free. The orator was repeatedly cheered. At the request of Judge Doran, the Rev. Dr. Moriarty addressed the meeting in a most eloquent appeal for repeal; he was also enthusiastically applauded. Votes of thanks were passed to Judge Conrad, Alderman Binns, the Harrisburg, New York, Wilmington, Lancaster and Baltimore Repeal Societies; the Association then adjourned to meet again on next Monday evening, in the room of the District Court. By the way, we omitted to mention that the "revolutioners" in one of the barouches were exiled Irish patriots of '98.

Political Celebration.—The Democratic party of the city and county held a meeting at 9 o'clock in the State House Yard, at which Henry Horn presided. Thomas B. Florence read the Declaration of Independence, and William D. Kelley delivered an Oration. After it had adjourned, the Democrats partook of a dinner at Bush Hill, Col. Page presided.

The Whigs of the Third Congressional District had a dinner at the Harrison and Tyler Head Quarters, in Third street near Green. Joseph A. Plankinton, Esq. presided.

The citizens of the first and second Congressional Districts had a dinner at Dunlap's, City Hotel, President Joseph R. Chandler, Esq.

The Ironsides Club, and the friends of Commodore Stewart, celebrated the day by a dinner at Paschal's, Lebanon Hotel. General M. Welsh read the Declaration of Independence, and John Miles, Esq. delivered the Oration.

Literary Celebration.—The Pennsylvania Literary Institute, agreeably to its announcement, celebrated the anniversary at the church in Tenth street below Spruce, at which was present a highly respectable and intelligent audience. The exercises were commenced with an excellent and appropriate prayer from the Rev. Mr. Todd, followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence, by Mr. F. A. Plumer. The oration, the particular feature in the celebration, was pronounced by Dr. H. S. Patterson. The discourse was a most appropriate one, possessing much merit as a literary production, and displaying an uncommon degree of intellectual vigor and originality in the writer. It afforded as much delight to the hearers as it will add to the reputation which the orator had previously acquired by literary efforts of a similar character. The exercises were concluded with another prayer, and singing by the choir, which latter was of a very superior character, and produced an agreeable effect upon the assembly. Among the various modes which were selected for commemorating the great event of our National Independence, we doubt if one so rational and more in accordance with the spirit of the day could have been chosen.

At the Philadelphia Museum, Mrs. Watson gave a Concert, and sang, as she always does—delightfully.—Mr. Thayer spoke an Address written for the occasion by Judge Conrad, and both the production and the delivery were received with much favor.

Towards evening the clouds began to look threatening, and at half past eight o'clock the city was visited by a most terrific storm of thunder and lightning with wind, rain and hail. The rain poured in torrents. Just as the storm commenced, the rope walks above Kensington took fire from the lightning, and continued to burn, notwithstanding the rain for upwards of two hours, rendering the scene one of awful sublimity. A house on the Ridge Road was struck with lightning. No accidents as far as we have ascertained occurred on the Delaware with the exception of the upsetting of two small boats near Gloucester Point.

A Barn Destroyed.—We also learn, that a new barn at Bristol, the property of James Cooper, Esq. was struck by lightning, and together with a large quantity of grain and hay, and a valuable carriage horse, were destroyed.

Another.—About the same time, a barn on the opposite side of the river, in Jersey, was struck by lightning and consumed.

We may add that the light from the fire near Richmond Village, was seen down the river by the passengers in the Cape May boat—Ohio—as far as the Pea Patch. The storm reached Newcastle about 9 o'clock, but although violent, it had evidently expended much of its fury.

High School Examination.

The examination of the High School of Philadelphia, took place on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, in the recitation room of the school. This Institution is under the control of Professor Bache. Its course of discipline is considered as complete as that afforded by any academy in the country, and all the physical arrangements in the size, situation and furniture of the school rooms are of corresponding character with its intellectual grade. The whole air of the place is elegant and respectable, and the effect on the manners and conduct of the pupils is most salutary.

We wish to see these indispensable High Schools multiplied all over the State. They must be, in order to give tone, character, progress and stability, to the system. Common School Education must look up or it will go down. No amount of intellectual and moral refinement, of accomplishment and polish must be deemed excessive for public education.

Whatever is public, should enjoy proportional importance with its diffusive or universal character. The converse of this proposition is, however, too often held. A Public School has been looked upon hitherto as a right wing of the almshouse, instead of the vestibule of the workshop, the counting-house or the college. If the education of two or three thousand should command the first resources in time, money and discipline, how much more should the education of two or three hundred thousand, and finally, two or three hundred millions,—of American youth. The tremendous reverses of fortune which mark every day life should teach every prudent parent to look to the State as the alma mater of his child, where in her free and hearty embrace, his soul may be warmed into a knowledge of the eternally true and beautiful. Good teachers likewise have the largest interest in supporting a system which renders their profession a question of statistical dignity and weight, ennobles their calling in general estimation, and places it beyond the range of individual caprice and folly, and affords an active and profitable display for their talents without any sacrifice of feeling on their part.

Renovating Peach Trees.

The editor of the N. E. Farmer says that a gentleman residing in Cambridge, informs him that *charcoal* placed around the roots of the diseased peach stock, was serviceable. He immediately removed the soil from around the trunk of a sickly tree in his garden, supplied its place with charcoal, and was surprised at its sudden renovation, and subsequent rapidity of its growth, and the tenacity with which the fruit held on to the branches, and the unusual richness of its flavor when matured.

Haslett Ceremonies.

According to arrangement the remains of Col. John Haslet were taken from the burial ground in Bank street, near Market, under the direction of F. B. Dick, general superintendent of the ceremonies; and after being deposited in a mahogany coffin, covered with black cloth, silver mounted, bearing upon a silver plate the following inscription:—"In memory of Col. John Haslet, of the Delaware regiment, who fell at Princeton, in the cause of American Independence, January 3d, 1777." They were removed to and placed in the vestibule of the First Presbyterian Church, on Washington Square, preparatory to their conveyance to Dover, Del. where they are to be re-interred, and a monument erected to his memory, under an act of the Legislature of that State. On Friday morning last, as previously arranged, the military of the first and second divisions, under the command of Major General Patterson, were formed, and proceeded to the church, where, at the hour appointed, the procession moved off in the following order—during which time minute guns were fired in the Washington Square, and the *old* Statehouse bell tolled in deep and solemn peals.

The military in reversed order, with several bands of music, took the right, and marched in slow and mournful measured time—next followed the hearse, attired in appropriate badges of mourning, drawn by four black horses, led by colored grooms, containing the coffin, which was enshrouded in the large blue and white flag of the steam frigate Mississippi, over which was laid a yellow standard belonging to the 1st City Troop, the same which was carried by that corps at the battle of Princeton, where the hero Haslet fell.

On either side of the hearse, walked the following gentlemen:

Messrs. John Binns, James Harper, Calender Irvine, William J. Duane, Bernard McCready, Michael McCready, William Wilson and Robert Taylor, as pall bearers, surrounded immediately in the form of a hollow square, by the members of the First City Troop, Captain Hart.

Next followed, in a barouche, the committee of superintendence appointed by the Legislature of the State of Delaware, and the President of the Hibernian Society of this city, succeeded by another barouche, containing several gentlemen, among whom were recognized Judge Hopkinson, of the United States Court, and Judge Pettit, of the District Court.

Then followed a number of the officers of the Navy; then the Hibernian Society, preceded by the banner of that body, the members wearing badges.

To these succeeded a large number of natives of the State of Delaware, residing in Philadelphia; and citizens of Delaware, followed by citizens of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

After proceeding on the route up Walnut street to Thirteenth street, up Thirteenth street to Arch street, and down Arch street to Water street, the military took post on each side of the street, when the hearse, attended by the pall bearers, the First City Troop, and the Hibernian Society, proceeded slowly through the defiles of the military escort to the wharf.

On arriving at the Arch street wharf, Alderman John Binns, who had been specially selected for the purpose by the Hibernian Society, delivered the following admirable address to the Delaware Committee:

"We are assembled to pay the homage of our high consideration to the memory of one, who, in the darkest days of our perilous struggle, took up arms in defence of Independence; one who bravely fought and gloriously died. While we are thus doing honor to ourselves, and bending over the remains of a Hero of the Revolution, deputations from our constituted authorities and masses of our fellow citizens are taking "to the house appointed for all living," the body of one who was most dear to us; a hero of two wars, one who had but recently been chosen Chief Magistrate of "these United States"—William Henry Harrison.

The ingratitude of Republics has been a theme on which the enemies of self-government have delighted to expatiate. We deny that Republics are ungrateful. "I belonged to the army of the Revolution," has been a passport to honors and emoluments in every State of our proud Republic. We therefore are especially warranted in branding the stigma as a base libel. The page of history is darkly crimsoned with the deeds of Cæsars, of Cromwells, and of Napoleons; of men whose horses' hoofs were red with the blood of their too grateful countrymen. Countless are the names of those who, exalted by the gratitude of their countrymen, have trodden down the liberties of Republics, while the whole human family has given birth but to one pure, one peerless, priceless patriot, one Washington; that glorious patriot who commanded when Haslett fell, and who, even in the hour of victory, watered with his tears the corpse of the gallant soldier.

To do honor to these remains we are here surrounded with all "the pride, pomp and circumstance of war;" officers of the army and of the navy and volunteers, prompt to do homage to their departed fellow soldier, and equally prompt to emulate his example. Soldiers, elevate on high your Eagles; give to the breeze your stars and stripes, and if your country calls, bear your "star spangled banner" to the battle field, where it was borne and upheld by Haslett, and if you cannot bear it victorious as he did, die nobly in its defence.

The deceased, Colonel John Haslett, was a native of Ireland, a gentleman of talents, who had received a liberal education, and was by profession a physician. An association of his countrymen, the Hibernian Society, are among those now gathering around his remains—clods of the valley—which once were animated by as daring and patriotic a spirit as ever gave life to the image of his Creator. That Society have appointed me to discharge the duty I am now performing—a duty which would indeed be but indifferently performed, if I did not take occasion to say that the members of this Society, their countrymen, and all Irishmen are proud, on proper occasions, to make known that their Montgomerys, their Hasletts, and their Irvines, the best blood of Ireland, has been freely shed to serve the good cause of "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

The State of Delaware, the near and much respected sister of Pennsylvania, adopted John Haslett. Before the Declaration of Independence, he raised and mustered a regiment at Dover, at the head of which, a few days after the Declaration, as its commanding officer, he marched to Head Quarters and placed it under the orders of Washington. The people of Delaware had marked the ardent patriotism, the fearless courage, the devotion to the public weal which characterised every action of Haslett, and they selected him to take command of as brave a Regiment as took the field and fought for Independence. He proved altogether worthy of their confidence; he led her sons where honor and fame were to be achieved; he set them a glorious example, and at the battle of Princeton, poured forth his life's blood. The State of Delaware, having enrolled the name of Haslett with her Read's and her Rodney's, will no longer permit his remains to be entombed in another State, even though that State be Pennsylvania. The constituted authorities of Delaware, on the 22d day of February last, made arrangements to take all that remains of her heroic son to her own bosom, to deposit his relics in her own soil, and to raise over them a monument to her own glory, to cherish the remembrance of his virtues and to stimulate others to great and glorious deeds.

To you, gentlemen, who, on this interesting occasion, represent the State of Delaware, are about to be surrendered the precious relics of one of your many distinguished sons; your Legislature have wisely determined to take them home, and to bury them deep in the soil which he had cultivated, and in defence of which he nobly died.

To you, gentlemen, they are now committed; deposit and reverence them, and teach your children to reverence them as the remains of him who was patriotic, great and good; thus shall you, and they, be an honor to your country."

He was replied to by Mr. Huffington, a distinguished member of the bar of Delaware, and in a manner at once eloquent and touching. He gave in brief, a history of the Delaware regiment of the revolutionary war, and alluded particularly to the character and career of Col. Haslett, its commander, whose head quarters were at Dover. He was described as the father of the regiment; for through his efforts and persuasion, a body of more than eight hundred noble-hearted Delawareans, rallied for the cause of American liberty. Their condition at the time was very deplorable, as related to clothing, provisions and all the munitions of war. This fact was so generally known, that it was believed throughout the state that it would be impossible for them to appear in a condition to march. The designated day arrived, however—and the whole number assembled. But even then, strong doubts were expressed, and it was thought impossible for men so clad, to move forward in any thing like a military spirit. It was then that Colonel Haslett made one of the most powerful appeals ever heard on any similar occasion. He told them that he had neither gold nor power to offer—but he promised them eternal fame, and the glorious consolation of an approving conscience, an inward consciousness that they were struggling in the best and noblest of causes. The effect was electrical. Every man responded, and the whole body marched forward, animated by the deepest devotion to country. History tells the rest of the sad but glorious narrative. They took part in from twenty to thirty battles and skirmishes. After the battle of Camden, in 1780, but fifty survived. These wandered home in straggling groups, many of them wounded; and the whole, when assembled together, forming a melancholy wreck indeed, of the gallant little army that had gone out from their homes with stout hearts, and resolves worthy of the best days of chivalry. The bravery of Colonel Haslett at the battle of Princeton, was alluded to by Mr. Huffington, in glowing and impassioned terms. He fell while charging the enemy; and never did a more sympathetic tear course over the cheeks of the Genius of Liberty, than when bending over the last resting place of the hero and the martyr.

The remains were then placed in the hands of the Delaware Committee, and accompanied by a Committee from the Hibernian Society, were soon afterward, borne onward to the State of Delaware.

The escort returned, and thus the solemnities in Philadelphia, were brought to a close.

Appointment.

We learn, says the National Intelligencer, unofficially, that, during the session of the Senate on Saturday, Philip R. Fendall, Esq., previously nominated by the President, was confirmed in the appointment of Attorney of the United States for the District of Columbia.

The Celebrations in New York.

The celebration in the City of New York of the Anniversary of our Independence, was carried through on Monday with spirit and joyousness. The day was ushered in with the firing of cannon, guns and squibs, in all their variety; and, at an early hour, the people began to gather together from all quarters to the three great points of attraction, the Park, the Battery, and Broadway. Full rein was given to mirth, and the evidences of amusement were to be seen on all sides. A grand review of the volunteer companies, by Governor Seward, took place in the Battery. They presented a splendid and most military-like appearance, while the precision with which they executed the various manoeuvres were indicative of a high state of discipline. Most of the companies were attended by full bands. At the close of the review, Governor Seward was escorted by the military to his lodgings, at the Astor House, after which, they paraded through a number of the streets. The company of Light Guards, one of the strongest and finest in the city, did not join in the review, having left the city on a visit to Albany. In the course of the day, a National Salute was fired from the United States ship North Carolina and the steam frigate Fulton, anchored off the Battery, both of which vessels were splendidly illuminated during the evening. During the day, the Park was crowded with people of all ages and condition, the younger portion of whom made the passages of the City Hall resound with the incessant noise of pistols, squibs, and detonators; and in the evening, a splendid display of fire-works, provided at the expense of the City Councils, took place in front of the City Hall, cut short, however, by a heavy shower of rain, which began to fall at about half past nine o'clock. Numberless steamboats were to be seen gliding to and fro, both on the North and East rivers, laden with passengers, bound to places of recreation. During the day, the Mayor held a levee at the City Hall, in the course of which a very large number of strangers were presented to him, and welcomed cordially to the hospitalities of the city. The room in which the levee was held, was most appropriately adorned with the American flag and other devices.

During the night, three fires took place, one of them very bad, and between the hours of 11 and 12, the west wing of the City Hall was found to be on fire. The rapid tolling of the bell soon brought the firemen on the ground, and it was extinguished without much damage resulting therefrom.

The stores in the city, with the exception of those which ministered to pleasure or enjoyment, were closed and the day was truly observed as a holiday. Gladness was seen in every face; and light steps indicating light and gladsome hearts, hurried hither and thither in seemingly inextricable confusion, each bent upon enjoying the occasion to its fullest extent and anxious to see and be seen. The places of amusement were crowded in the evening, and night was far advanced before the sounds of mirth and festivity completely died away.

Spirit of the Foreign News.

Our friend of the Germantown Telegraph inclines to be facetious at the expense of city cotemporaries, and gives a variety of short paragraphs on *important* topics, to illustrate his wit. Acting, however, upon the hint, he thus *fixes* out the foreign news by the Britannia.

Spain is not yet quiet.

This will be news for the *Dons* on this side of the water, as they have for a long time entertained the impression, that the country of their father's had been swallowed by an earthquake, and was as "*quiet as a dormouse*."

But determined to give each a taste in due season, he gives *Monsieur* a touch in passing. He says

France is pretty tranquil for France.

Still proceeding with horrible intent, he gives a slash at the turban thus wise.

"*In the East*," *things do not yet wear a quiet aspect.*

Now all that the farmers in Montgomery and Chester have got to do after *digesting* this foreign news, is, to put on a long face, stroke their chins, and look as wise as their neighbors, and if they happen upon foreign affairs in conversation, to put on a very fierce look, assert broadly and *generally*, that

"*Things are not quiet in Europe*,"

and permit no man to doubt the allegation.

The Public Lands.

The Washington Correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper, states on authority entitled to full credit, that the quantity of the public domain is ten hundred and ninety-five millions, five hundred and thirty-six thousand two hundred and fifty-two acres. The Indian title has been extinguished to three hundred and nineteen millions five hundred and thirty-six thousand two hundred and fifty-two acres, of which there were ceded up to September, 1838, to twelve new States and Territories, twelve millions seven hundred and thirty-six thousand four hundred and eighteen acres, and sold up to September, 1840, eighty three millions eight hundred and twenty acres, leaving two hundred and twenty-two millions nine hundred and ninety-two thousand and fourteen acres, subject to immediate disposition by the United States. Of the value of this immense territory, some estimate can be formed from the fact that the aggregate of the sales of the public lands, from the year 1833, to September 30, 1840, inclusive, amounted to seventy-two millions, two hundred and sixty-nine thousand, seven hundred and forty-nine dollars. At the minimum price, the remaining quantity would amount to more than ten hundred and seventy-eight millions of dollars.

The State Loan not Paid.

The Harrisburg Reporter intimates that the interest due by the State in August will be paid. The editor admits that the loan of $930,000, due on the first of June, was not paid, inasmuch as the Governor could not obtain the money. No bids were received. It is understood, however, as already stated in our columns, by a correspondent, that the "Governor will renew any portion of it at the same rate of interest per annum, and for the same time that the original loan was taken, as provided by the 1st section of the aforesaid act of the 6th of May, or the holders of the said loan may subscribe for the loan authorized by the same act of the 6th of May, and pay the amount of this subscription by delivering up these original certificates, and then they will be entitled to certificates under the said act of the 6th of May, payable in five years at such rate of interest as may be agreed upon, not exceeding 6 per cent. per annum." The truth is, our Commonwealth is in a sad position with regard to credit and finances. We allude to these things with pain, for they are discreditable in no ordinary degree to Pennsylvania, but it is proper, nevertheless, that the people at large should know the truth, and if possible, apply a positive remedy.

Harrodsburg Celebration.

The sixty-sixth anniversary of the settlement of Kentucky was celebrated at Harrodsburg on the 16th and 17th inst. On the 16th, between 7 and 10,000 persons, among them about 1500 ladies, were present. On the 17th an oration was delivered by the Hon. Benjamin Hardin. Eight or ten military companies, artillery, infantry and cavalry, comprising about 400 men, united in the celebration. The venerable Mrs. Harrod was present; she is now well stricken in years, and to a great degree bed-ridden, yet her eye has the same eagle glance that it had when she looked on, undismayed, at the deadly conflicts between the Indians and the whites. Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Wilson were also there, two of the relics of those times of blood and danger. These venerable matrons are now all (with the exception of Mrs. French,) who survive of the little company of females who first penetrated the forests of the dark and bloody ground. Of the old pioneers of that period, we saw but few, and none of them were known to us by name, except Mr. John Ward, of Ohio county, who is the only survivor of the gallant band by whom McAfee's station was defended.

Brutal Murder.

The National Anniversary at Baltimore was disgraced by the perpetration of a cold and brutal murder, by a party of desperate ruffians, whose names have been before connected with acts of outrage and violence. It appears that the party who committed this act were passing along Howard street, and they encouraged a dog which they had with them to attack another dog chained under a wagon. The wagoner, observing this, went out to separate the dogs, when he was immediately attacked by the party. Two or three other wagoners in the bar room and the barkeeper himself ran out to interfere, when the assailants turned upon them with great violence. In the course of the fracas a pistol was fired, the shot from which deprived one of the wagoners of his thumb. The barkeeper, John Brigham, was struck with a swingle tree, which felled him mortally wounded to the earth. He died in a few hours after. A man named John Alexander, alias Jeff Griffiths, has been arrested, together with Alexander Curran and Jacob Gattier, charged with a participation in this bloody affray.

Baltimore Blues.

The fine company of Blues, which were on a visit to this city from Baltimore, attracted much attention by the precision of their movements, and their soldierly appearance. On Sunday, they attended church. On Monday morning, they paid their respects to their old commander, Reuben Etting, Esq., and partook of his hospitality, at his residence, in Locust above Broad street, and subsequently shared in the pleasures of the day. We saw them on Tuesday again, escorted, as they have generally been, by Major Fritz's company of Greys.

Major General.

Brigadier General Winfield Scott, Major General by Brevet, has been appointed by the President, by and with the advice of the Senate, to be Major General June 25th, vice Major Gen. Alexander Macomb, deceased.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Britannia.

Fifteen Days Later.

Important Political News—More Ministerial Defeats—Sir Robert Peel's "No Confidence" Motion Carried by a Majority of One—No Dissolution Yet—Election Agitation—Internal Condition of Great Britain—Slight Improvement in Cotton—Question in France—Movement of Soult—Spain Threatened with Invasion—Riot at Barcelona—Success of the French in Africa, &c. &c.

The royal mail steamship Britannia, Capt. R. B. Cleland, arrived at Boston on Saturday morning last, at about half past 7 o'clock. She sailed from Liverpool on the afternoon of the 19th, and made the passage in about thirteen and a half days. She experienced some rough weather, but what is very comfortable for this season, saw no icebergs.

The Britannia and Caledonia both made very quick passages out from Halifax. The Britannia arrived out June 9th, and the Caledonia on the 14th of June.

The Great Western was spoken by the Britannia on the 27th June, nine days out.

We have received advices from the principal parts of Europe, fifteen days later than those brought by the Columbia.

Captain Drew, the leader of the gang of pirates who destroyed the Caroline at Niagara, came passenger in the Britannia to Halifax. She brought sixty-two passengers in all—forty-one to Boston.

The President is given up by every body in England. Parliament is dissolved ere this.

All England is in a state of tremendous political excitement.

The money market is consequently stagnant; the funds paralyzed. There is an improvement in the cotton market, but very little or none in trade in general. The price of wheat has improved. The crops are all in fine order.

Nothing new from China. The Eastern Question is not settled yet.

Sir Hugh Gough has been appointed Commander in Chief at Madras.

Sir Henry Prescott, late Governor of Newfoundland, has arrived at Cork.

Marriage.—Lord John Russell is to be married to Lady Fanny Elliott, at the close of this month.

McLeod.—The excitement about this man has all died away.

The President Steamship.—Nothing certain has been heard of this vessel. There are a few more rumors about her. The British Government has refused to send any vessel out in search of her.

A rumor respecting the President Steamer had the following origin:—Bristol, June 9.—This morning, immediately on the arrival of the Osprey steamer, belonging to the Steam Navigation Company, from Waterford, a notice was posted in the Commercial rooms as follows:—"The Osprey, from Waterford, reports that she yesterday saw a large steamer in distress, off the Saltees, without funnel or mainmast."

The Honorable S. Cunard had an interview with Lord Minto and the Lords of the Admiralty this morning, concerning the report of the Osprey, at Bristol, having seen a large steamship in supposed distress near the Saltees, who expressed themselves most anxious to send a steamship in search immediately.

The President Steamship.—In the House of Lords June 10th, Lord Stanford wished to know if the government had sent out any ships to look for, and assist, if they found, the missing steamship. The Portuguese government had, it appeared, sent out ships from their ports with this view.

Earl Minto, in answer, said the Admiralty had looked at the whole question respecting the President, and the conclusion, after all the inquiries they had made was, that they could take no step at all likely to lead them to any accurate plan of affording her relief. There was a report of a steamer having been near the Channel within the last few days, but he confessed he had his fears that it would turn out like the former reports, wholly unfounded. He feared that this report, like many other former ones, had its origin in the odious and incomprehensible attempts made to turn to account the state of this unfortunate vessel on the money market. They had not sent out any ships, for there was, in fact, no particular place to which they could send them.

Defeat of Ministers.

At half past three o'clock, on the morning of June 5th, the House of Commons declared, by a majority of One, that the present Ministers of the Crown do not possess the confidence of Parliament, and that their continuance in office is at variance with the spirit of the constitution.

For Sir R. Peel's motion,	312
Against,	311

When the cheers which followed the announcement had subsided, Lord John Russell said that he would take until Monday to consider what course he would pursue, for the vindication of Ministers.

On Monday he intimated his intention to advise a dissolution, whereupon Sir Robert Peel agreed not to oppose the supplies.

The New Parliament.—Writs for a general election will be forthwith issued to the several sheriffs of counties, who must within two days cause proclamation to be made of county elections, and must fix them to take place not sooner than the tenth, or later than the sixteenth day from the date of the proclamation. The sheriff must also, within three days from the receipt of the writ, issue their precepts to the returning officers of the cities and boroughs, who shall forthwith cause proclamation to be made of the elections, and shall proceed to election thereon, not sooner than four days nor later than eight days from the date of the proclamation. The new parliament will meet forthwith after the elections.

Another Defeat of Ministers.—Ministers were defeated on the 10th of June by a majority of 18 on the Criminal Law Question.

A correspondent of the Herald, says it is said, so much money has recently been withdrawn from the funds, to use for purposes of bribery in the coming elections, that stocks have not only become flat, but have actually declined. I heard a gentleman from Norwich, say, that neither party could carry that borough, unless they spent £30,000 in paying for votes. Colonel D., inspector of artillery, asked me, "If we ever resorted to bribery at elections in America?" I replied, "If we did not, we would not be English." He laughed heartily, and changed the subject. Col Fox, a descendant of Charles James' family—a liberal man, but not the genius of his illustrious predecessor, yet clever, stands for the lower hamlets, in the east end of London.

Joseph Hume, Esq., stands for the borough of Leeds, instead of Kilkenny, Ireland, his late constituency, and with every prospect of complete success.

There was considerable political agitation in the newspapers. The following is a specimen from the London Morning Chronicle:

Blow, Tory journalists, and crack your cheeks! Agitate, agitate, agitate! Invoke the evil spirit of monopoly and fraud! Dreadful as may be the pother you keep over our heads, it will not do. We tell you it will not do. You will not possess the nation with antipathy to cheap bread; you will nor persuade the country to prefer taxation to relief; you will never convince the English people that it would not be their interest to retain in their pockets, for the various uses of life, those millions of hard-got money which are annually extorted from them by the most iniquitous and oppressive, as well as most absurd and stupid law that ever scourged mankind.

Astley's Theatre Burnt Down.—This beautiful theatre was burnt down June 8th, for the third time.—The fire was first discovered by a police constable, in the stables at the back of the theatre. He gave the alarm; and found three watchmen and a policeman, who were stationed in the theatre, asleep. The flames then burst into the body of the building. The water-plug in the theatre was found to be covered by an immense quantity of "properties;" and, before the engines kept in the place could be brought into play, the men were obliged to flee. The neighborhood was alarmed, and the fire office engines summoned; but the fire could not be checked; and by six o'clock the building, which was constructed principally of wood, was destroyed, all but the bare walls. A woman, Mr. Ducrow's housekeeper, lost her life, in returning to save some of her property. The greater part of the stud was saved, but three valuable horses and a donkey were killed. Ten houses at the back of the theatre, inhabited by poor persons, were levelled with the ground; and the backs of the houses in Stangate-street were much injured. The loss of property is very great. The musicians and actors will suffer severe loss; and hundreds of people will be thrown out of employment. The last time this theatre was destroyed, Mrs. Astley perished. A statement by Mr. Ducrow himself has been published. "He and his family went to bed at about half past twelve o'clock. He was awakened by Mrs. Ducrow, who was alarmed at the room being full of smoke. He roused the family, but not before the flames burst into the rooms through the windows. Finding that not a moment was to be lost in effecting their escape, he and Mrs. Ducrow, family, and servants, immediately ran down stairs to the entrance leading into the Westminster-road, in the hope that they would be enabled to escape by the door; but, finding that it was firmly secured, they were obliged to retrace their steps and descend through an intricate stair-case which led into the court-yard. In going along, they were encountered by hot clouds of dust and smoke, which nearly suffocated them. They, however, reached the court-yard in safety; but of what afterwards occurred he had not the slightest recollection. Until he saw an account of the fire in the newspapers the following day, he was not aware that the unfortunate female, Elizabeth Bolon, who had been in his service a great many years, had perished in the flames. He recollected meeting the poor creature in the grand entrance; where she used, along with himself, her utmost efforts to unfasten the door; but finding their exertions were fruitless, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Sir! oh, Sir! we shall be burnt in the flames.' Whether she followed him when he retraced his steps he has no recollection, nor did he think he saw her afterwards."

The cause of the fire is now thought to have been burning wadding from the guns fired in the performances, which may have dropped upon the artificial floor called the Mazarine stage, and ignited the sawdust and rubbish generally lying there. Almost the whole of the theatre was built of spars and other ship-timber, bought many years since by Astley. It was the largest of the Minor Theatres, and was capable of holding upwards of 3000 persons. Of the entire wardrobe, including several of the dresses worn at the Shakspeare Jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon, and the Eglinton Tournament suits of Armour, not a fragment has been saved. It now appears, that Mr. Ducrow was wholly uninsured. His loss will be at least £10,000. The houses injured or destroyed are about thirty in number; and they are insured to the amount of £6,300, chiefly in the Imperial Fire Office.

Fatality of Theatres.—Drury Lane was built in 1662, destroyed by fire in 1672, rebuilt in 1674, and burned down three years after. It was again burned down in 1809. Covent Garden Theatre was built in 1783, and destroyed by fire in 1808. Her Majesty's Theatre opened in 1704, burned down in 1789. Pantheon, Oxford street, built in 1772, burned down in 1784, and eight years after was again destroyed by fire. Surrey Theatre destroyed in 1805. Royalty Theatre burned down in 1819. English Opera House destroyed by fire on the 17th February, 1830. Astley's Theatre was first burnt down the Duke of York's birth night in 1794; and rebuilt and burnt down again in 1803, when a terrible loss of life took place, and Mrs. Astley was killed.

Africa.

The following telegraphic despatches were published by the French Government:

"Mostaganem, June 4.—Toulon, June 10.—The Governor-General of the French possessions in the north of Africa to the Minister of War.

"After eight days painful march, and several slight combats on our flanks and rear-guard, all in favor of our arms, on the 25th, after a conflict honorable to the Zouaves, the column occupied Tekedempta, which it found destitute of inhabitants, and of every article of value. We blew up the fort, and demolished the town, which was beginning to become of importance. From Tekedempta to Mascara, where we arrived on the 30th, we were constantly surrounded by the Emir's army, which, however, kept at a distance, and avoided fighting. We put it to flight at Fortassa and before Mascara.

On the 1st of June we quitted Mascara, leaving three battalions, with provisions for fifty days. In the defile of Akbel Kredda, our rear guard was warmly attacked by from 5000 to 6000 Arabs; the three battalions of which it was composed, under the command of Gen. Levasseur, and to which, considering the nature of the ground, it was impossible to give close aid, and behaved with great firmness. The rear-guard caused the enemy a loss of between 300 and 400 men, having themselves only 10 killed and 54 wounded. After this fortunate campaign, the column re-entered Mostaganem, on the 3d, having only 20 killed and 82 wounded, bringing back 116 sick. I have great praise to bestow on the steadiness and firmness of the army. The cavalry carried havresacks for 14 days' march, and only laid them down when it had to fight. The Duke de Nemours is in good health. We are arranging our convoy, and we hope to march on the 7th or 8th to act in front of Mascara, and perhaps take Saida, which is a fort rather more strongly constructed than that of Tekedempta.

The China War.

We find little in the English papers in relation to the Chinese difficulties. The United Service Gazette states that reinforcements for India were to commence leaving Chatham during the month of June. The total number of troops to be embarked for the three presidencies will average about 800. Detachments to about the same extent have also been placed under orders to proceed direct to China, in addition to those which are now on their voyage thither from India.

The Morning Post says—"A contract has been concluded with Mr. Green, the ship-owner, for tonnage for conveying 1000 troops, which government are about to send direct to China. Three vessels have been taken up for this service, at a charge to the public of £15,000."

We are given to understand that the instructions given to Sir Henry Pottinger, on proceeding as Commissioner to Canton to supercede Captain Elliott, were warlike against the Chinese to an extreme degree.—*London Courier.*

Spain.

The Spanish Territory has been invaded by 1500 Aldudes. The affair was under discussion in Cortes.

The Madrid Journal of the 9th June have reached us.

The Minister of Finance had not yet succeeded in his negotiations with the Madrid capitalists. The penury of the treasury was every day increasing, and considerable discontent prevailed among the public officers, who had ceased to be regularly paid.

A telegraphic despatch from Perpignan, dated the 11th instant, announces that on the 7th, a disturbance, which threatened to be very serious, took place at Barcelona. It appears that four hundred weavers of that town endeavored to obtain possession of some confiscated goods advertised for auction, and the authorities being unable to restrain them, purchased the goods, and gave them to the workmen to be burnt in front of the town-hall, which the workmen caused to be illuminated.

Madrid, June 9.—The minister, instead of presenting the project of law on the Ayuntamientos, has named a new commission, composed of Unitarians to revise this law. Nothing was thought of at Madrid but this *fete* on the 10th. Very little business doing at the Bourse. Actives was 26¼. Plans were still talked of for raising money for immediate wants, but nothing concluded.

France.

Boulogne, June 4.—Wednesday night, an Englishman, who came in the Magnet from London, was arrested for having an infernal machine in his possession; it had fifteen barrels, and so constructed that they would all go off at once. He is now in prison.

Paris, June 16.—The Gazette de France repeats its assertion that a treaty has been agreed upon by the four great powers, for the partition of the Ottoman empire, and adds that Great Britain was to have Egypt; Russia, Constantinople, Austria, the provinces bordering the Danube, and Prussia was to be aggrandized by the acquisition of Saxony, a part of Poland, and Hanover. It states likewise that another part of the arrangement declared that France would not be disturbed in her African possessions.

The National inquires whether M. Guizot will continue to maintain silence, whilst reports of such momentous consequences as those mentioned by the Gazette continue to alarm the public mind.

The Ottoman empire is falling to pieces, continues the National. Partial insurrections are concluding what the treaty of July commenced. It is impossible that this situation should have escaped the observation of the authors of the convention of London, and it is still more improbable that Russia should not have foreseen what she so skilfully prepared.

If those reports are unfounded, how comes it that the final protocol is not concluded? M. Guizot announced, with the most imperturable assurance, during the debate on the secret service money, that he was certain to have it in his power to lay the result of his negotiations before the Chamber, yet the session terminated without his saying a word upon the subject.

Le Temps and Le Commerce states, that the Austrian government had concluded a loan for 150,000,000 florins, through the houses of Hope and Rothschilds.

The Duc de Nemours has returned to Paris from Algiers.

The Paris papers are now engaged in discussing a question affecting the inviolability of the Crown, arising out of the publication of the late letters by La France, and the threatened publication of the Didier papers. The question is, whether the acts of Louis Philippe, when he was Duke of Orleans, are not protected by the same right which now protects the person of the King from libels tending to bring the crown into disrepute. The Journal des Debats has a long article on the subject, aiming to show that the occupation of the throne protects the past as well as the present life of the King from obloquy.

The French have taken Mascara, and were fortifying it.

Marshal Soult had resigned, in consequence of the introduction of a Law of Recruitment Bill. But on his appearance at the Council, June 6th, the Bill was withdrawn and the difficulties ended. The Marshal is sick at Paris.

A strong sensation is produced in all the departments of France by the refusal of the corporations of several cities—Grenoble, Nantes, Rheims, Perpignan, and others, to assist in the survey ordered by the Minister of Finance, for the purpose of increasing the receipts given by the house, window, and furniture taxes. Hitherto the sum has been collected at a minimum valuation, but M. Humann, in his pecuniary difficulties, seeks to increase the amount, by raising it the maximum. In order to do this effectually, he has ordered a fresh survey in every town, the survey being accompanied by a Government inspector; but the cities in question refuse to admit his inspection, and conduct the survey in such a manner as to give only the minimum result.

Great Britain.

The Queen's Court, Fashion, &c.—The health of Queen Victoria is middling. She therefore will not prorogue Parliament in person. *The baby is uncommonly hearty.* The Queen held a grand drawing room at Buckingham Palace on the afternoon of June 17th. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Rush, &c. were present. The following were the dresses worn by the Queen and two others on this occasion.

Her Majesty.—Dress of white net over white satin, the body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and pearls; the skirt elegantly trimmed en tablier with blonde, and roses interspersed with diamonds. Train of rich white and green figured satin, lined with white satin, and tastefully trimmed with net and roses. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Miss Hawker and Miss Sophia Hawker.—Dress of tulle over white satin, with bouquets of jessamine and white roses; train of blue satin, with flowers to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, tiara, necklace, and ear-rings of pearl.

Prince Albert.—We understand that it is fully arranged that his Royal Highness Prince Albert will visit his connexions in Germany this summer, notwithstanding the contradictions of the government prints apparently on authority, to the contrary. It is said his Royal Highness' visit will not exceed a month or six weeks.—*Morning Herald.*

Marriage.—Prince de Joinville is to marry the Princess Sophia, daughter of the King of Holland.

Blind.—Prince George of Cumberland has become stone blind.

The Queens of Hanover and Spain have both been very sick.

The Ex-Queen of Spain.—This lady is writing a book to be called "A Reign of Eleven Years."

Change.—Earl Granville, the British Minister, is about to leave Paris.

Sick.—Lord Jeffrey has been ill.

Irish Peer.—Lord Blayney has been elected a representative Peer of Ireland, in the room of Earl O'Neil, deceased.

Dissolution of Parliament.—At one time Ministers intended to dissolve Parliament on the 16th of June. It was afterward fixed for the 22d of June.

Parliamentary.—Contrary to expectation, the debate on Peel's "No-Confidence" motion was brought to a close early on Saturday the 5th of June. Sir Robert Peel was the last speaker. The house then divided—For Sir Robert Peel's resolution, 312; against it, 311. Majority against Ministers 1.

The announcement of this division was received with tremendous cheers.

Lord J. Russell, in rising to move that the house at its rising do adjourn to Monday next, said—With respect to the business of the house, all I can state now is, that we propose to take on Monday the estimates—that is only so much of the miscellaneous estimates, as were they not taken at the present time, would cause great inconvenience to the public service. (Oh, oh.)

Several Hon. Members—Corn-laws! corn-laws!

Lord J. Russell said he would state on Monday what course he would take.

(Immense cheering from the opposition benches.)

Lord J. Russell said, "I shall be quite satisfied in stating on Monday what course I shall pursue; but the right hon. gentleman having, in his reply, brought forward a number of new charges, which had not been heard of before, I must have time to deliberate as to what course it may be necessary to take in order to vindicate the conduct of the government."

Sir R. Peel.—I think that the greater part of the speech of the noble lord was an attack upon myself. (Hear, hear.) I certainly should be sorry if it were possible to impute to me the taking any unfair advantage in bringing forward charges. I assure the noble lord, if I did so, it was contrary to my intention; for, knowing that the noble lord could not reply to me, I said not one word on the subject of foreign policy, I said not one word except in connexion with charges made against myself. I do not deprecate any course which the noble lord may think it necessary to pursue, but I should be sorry, I should be very sorry, if he thought I took the advantage of a reply to make an attack. I suppose I may take it for granted that the noble lord will not proceed with the corn-laws on Monday. (Hear, and laughter.)

Lord J. Russell having stated that he should not,

Mr. Hindley said, I do not care twopence for the charges which have been made, but I am anxious for a discussion on the corn-laws, I hope that on Monday the noble lord will say he is determined to bring on that important question.

Mr. Hume—I cannot understand why the noble lord is not prepared to say when he will discuss the corn-laws. Ample time has been given. Tuesday being the first open day, the noble lord ought to fix it for that day.

On the following Monday Lord John Russell moved the order of the day for the committee of supply and announced the intention of himself and ministers to abandon the Corn Law question for that session. Ministers meant to take the estimates only for six months from the 1st of April. Lord John Russell said that the issue of all the great political questions must now be decided by the country, and that the new parliament should be summoned without delay.

Election Riots.—There has been more serious riots at Nottingham, and the military had been called out. A correspondent of the Globe says—"My last account took the election up to Monday night, when Sir John Hobhouse and Mr. Larpent were stated to be in Nottingham, and addressing the electors. The high state of feeling which exists was evinced on Monday night, when the yellow flags were torn down by the Blues, and Mr. Larpent himself struck as he was proceeding to his hotel. On Tuesday the bands and flags of both parties were out, and some conflicts of a more serious nature ensued.—Many were severely injured, and several stabbed in the contests."

Importance of a Vote.—The succession of the house of Hanover to the throne of England, was carried by one vote; so was the Reform Bill; and now the Whigs will probably go out of power in England by one vote.

Canada and China.—The estimate of the further amount that will probably be required to defray expenses of the service in Canada, consequent upon the late insurrection amounts to £100,000; and the estimate of the sum required to be voted this year, on account of the expenses of the expedition to China, to £400,000.

Marriage of Lord John Russell.—We learn from an unquestionable source, that the noble Secretary of the Colonies will shortly lead to the hymenial altar, Lady Fanny Elliot, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto. The ceremony will be performed at the close of the present season. The noble lord is in his 49th year, and has been previously married, in 1835, to Lady Ribblesdale, who died in November, 1836, leaving a son and daughter by his lordship. Lady Fanny is in her 26th year.—*Herald.*

Railroads.—The London and Brighton will be opened for travel all the way by the 1st of August.

The Crops.—All over England, Ireland, and Scotland, the crops look unusually well; and the result will doubtless be an abundant harvest.

Dinner to Dickens.—Mr. Dickens, the celebrated author of the Pickwick Papers, Humphrey's Clock, &c., has accepted an invitation to a public dinner in this city, on Friday, the 25th inst. Professor Wilson is to occupy the chair.—*The Scotsman.*

Merited Compliment.—The passengers in the Britannia, on her last trip to Liverpool, have addressed a complimentary letter to Capt. Cleland, for his uniform kindness and attention to the duties of his station, and have presented him with a chronometer valued at 100 pounds sterling, as a mark of their esteem.

Failure.—Cockburn & Co., East India Agents, have failed in London for £200,000. So have Grant & Co., of Glasgow, for £180,000.

Swartwouting.—Mr. Hugh Ross, the Crown Solicitor at Van Dieman's Land, had absconded with £2000 of the public money.

Fire.—A fire at Dunstable, June 10, consumed 24 houses.

Fire.—Selcott House, the seat of Sir William Molesworth, has been burnt. It cost $25,000.

Another Fire.—A fire recently broke out in Crediton which consumed about forty dwelling houses. The buildings were very valuable ones. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Fortunate Escape.—*Windsor, Tuesday.*—Mr. Van Amburgh, who has arrived in this town, for the race week, with his splendid collection of trained animals, had a very lucky escape from an attack of the lion, at the time he was exhibiting in the den with the lion and tiger, yesterday morning. These two animals, a short time before the exhibition commenced, had an angry scuffle with each other, but all animosity between them appeared afterwards to have ceased. While Mr. Van Amburgh was lying down by the side of the lion, with his head close to its mouth, the animal, with its enormous tusk, inflicted a wound upon his forehead, just above the eye, from which the blood flowed pretty copiously down his face. Mr. Van Amburgh immediately left the den, and the performances were temporarily suspended. The wound was afterwards dressed by Mr. Brown, surgeon, of this town, and Mr. Van Amburgh is now perfectly recovered, and drove his grays this morning, six-in-hand, to the course of Ascot. Hundreds of persons have since witnessed his extraordinary exhibitions.

Death of Sir David Wilkie.—We announce with great regret, the death of this celebrated painter, which took place at Gibraltar on the 1st of June. It would appear that his death was sudden, as no account had been received of his previous illness. He was on his return from Egypt, where he had passed some time in examining the ruins of that ancient country—not only with a view to gratify a laudable curiosity, but also to enable him, at some future period, we believe, to lay the result of his labors before the public; but they have been speedily cut off by the hand of death. During his visit he had frequent interviews with Mehemet Ali, with whom he is said to have been a great favorite, and had taken one of his best likenesses of his Highness, with a view of having it engraved in England.

Portugal.

Lisbon, June 7.—The country was suffering all the inconveniences of a Ministerial crisis. The ministers still held office, but only until a new appointment should be made; and but little progress seemed made toward a choice of successors.

Don Miguel.—The "Augsburg Gazette" has the following from Rome:—"It is announced that Don Miguel, yielding to the advice of the Austrian and Papal government, is now disposed to accept the propositions made to him by the Portuguese Cabinet."

Letters from Vienna, dated June 5, announce that the Pope having recognised the government of Queen Donna Maria, it was probable Austria, Russia, and Prussia would follow the example. For some time it was said negotiations have been on foot between Austria and Portugal, and that in consequence an Austrian ambassador would be sent to Portugal. Baron Marshall, ambassador at Washington, is talked of for this post.

Italy.

Rome.—The *Augsburg Gazette*, under date Rome the 1st inst. states that the cardinals had held several conferences relative to Spanish affairs. Every day Spanish ecclesiastics were arriving to seek an asylum in the Roman capital.

Naples.

A letter from Naples, dated May 20th, intimates that the House of Rothschild has made a loan of 3,000,000 of ducats, which the government required, in order to settle the Sicilian affairs.

Russia.

The St. Petersburgh journals announce that the Emperor Nicholas arrived at Zarskoe Zelo, on the 3d inst. from Moscow. The Count de Lowenhaupt, envoy from the King of Sweden, to congratulate the Emperor on the marriage of the hereditary Grand Duke, has been invested with the order of St. Anne in diamonds.

Turkey.

Frontiers of Turkey, June 2.—The Turkish troops continue their acts of violence against the Christians. The Pacha of Nissa is making grand preparations for his defence.

Constantinople, May 26.—The Greeks on the European side give great uneasiness to the Porte.

Interesting Correspondence.

The following letters do honor to the feelings which dictated them. They are both very happy in their style and the sentiments which they express. They will find a response in every true American heart.

From the National Intelligencer.

Washington, July 1, 1841.

To the House of Representatives of the United States.

I have the honor herewith to submit to the House of Representatives the copy of a letter addressed by myself to Mrs. Harrison, in compliance with the resolutions of Congress, and her reply thereto.

JOHN TYLER.

Washington City, June 13, 1841.

My Dear Madam:—The accompanying resolutions, adopted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, will convey to you an expression of the deep sympathy felt by the Representatives of the States, and of the People, in the sad bereavement which yourself and the country has sustained in the death of your illustrious husband. It may now be justly considered that the public archives constitute his enduring monument, on which are inscribed, in characters not to be effaced, the proudest evidences of public gratitude for services rendered, and of sorrow for his death. A great and united people shed their tears over the bier of a devoted patriot and distinguished benefactor.

In conveying to you, my dear madam, the proposed respect of the two Houses of Congress for your person and character, and their condolence on the late afflicting dispensation of Providence, permit me to mingle my feelings with theirs, and to tender you my fervent wishes for your health, happiness, and long life.

JOHN TYLER.

Mrs. Anna Harrison.

North Bend, June 24, 1841.

Dear Sir:—I have received with sentiments of deep emotion the resolutions of the Senate and House of Representatives, which you have done me the honor of forwarding, relative to the decease of my lamented husband.

I cannot sufficiently express the thanks I owe to the nation and its assembled Representatives, for their condolence, so feelingly expressed, of my individual calamity, and the national bereavement; but, mingling my tears with the sighs of the many patriots of the land, pray to Heaven for the enduring happiness and prosperity of our beloved country.

ANNA HARRISON.

John Tyler, President of the United States.

The Insane.

There are at present sixteen hospitals for the insane in the United States.—These accommodate about 1000 patients, of whom a majority belonged to the old, incurable class, before they were removed to the hospitals.

New Publications.

The American Biblical Repository, July 1841. *New York, W. R. Peters.*—The July number of this work contains some able papers, but it strikes us that on the whole the number is rather heavy for the season.—The work is conducted with more than ordinary ability, and is beautifully printed. The articles for the month are The Primitive State of Mankind, by Philip Lindsley, D. D. Pres. of the University of Nashville, Tenn; Baptism:—The Interpretation of Rom. 6: 3, 4, and Col. 2: 12, by Rev. Edward Beecher, Pres. of Illinois College; The Study of the Classics as an Intellectual Discipline, by E. D. Sanborn, Prof. of the Latin Lang. and Lit., Dartmouth College, N. H.; Religious Literature of France and Switzerland:—Gaussen on Divine Inspiration, By an American in Paris; Religious Literature of France and Switzerland Gaussen's Theopneustia; The Antediluvian Chronology of the Bible, Translated from the Latin of Michaelis by Stephen Chase, Prof. of Math. in Dartmouth College, N. H.; Note by the Editor; The Common School System of New England, with some account of the recent improvements adopted in Massachusetts and Connecticut, by Rev. Emerson Davis, Westfield, Mass.; The Rabbies and their Literature, by Isaac Nordheimer, D. P. Prof. Orient. Lang. University of the City of New York; Historical Sketch of the Rabbinical Schools in Persia; Historical Sketch of the Schools in Spain; The Jewish Ritual.

Sericon, or the Art of Rearing Silk Worms—*By John Clark, Philadelphia.*—Mr. Clark has always been one of the most enthusiastic in regard to the success of the Silk cause in this country,—and his works upon the subject have all been eminently successful, because he writes of what he understands. The little volume before us, is issued in unambitious style, but contains much information that will be found useful to those engaged in the Silk culture. Of his own work, the author says, "It is not our design, in this little manual, to enter into any part of the details respecting the manufactures of Silk, except what relates to the raw material, as the author might very easily do, being personally acquainted with the practical operations of most of the several textures that form the chief articles of commerce, and is now directing manufacture of sewing silk to some extent. These will unfold themselves, as the raw material becomes abundant, and the enterprising may happen to see their advantages. The chief part of the raw material produced in this country will, for some time to come, be worked up into *sewings*, the demand for this being such as to consume all that can be made, till other articles are so protected as to be made profitable."

The Science of Government, Founded on Natural Law.—*By Clinton Roosevelt. New York: Dean & Trevett. Philadelphia: Drew & Scammell.*—This is quite a curiosity, and we recommend its attentive perusal to all our friends who have the blues. The author says, in his preface, that it has cost him the best ten years of his life, and we can hardly wonder at this when we consider the magnitude of the undertaking, which is nothing less than to revolutionize the whole moral and physical world. "The great interests of man," says Mr. Roosevelt, "were in a state of chaos, and this science is to harmonise them, and run side by side with true religion, so far as that is meant 'to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and make on earth peace and good will to man.'" Whether we shall or shall not be revolutionized by this little book remains yet to be seen. The author talks in fine style, and abuses the critics, whom he at the same time defies, calling them "little men." "The little man," says he, "may say it (the book) is not done *secundum artem*—not nicely or critically"—but here Mr. Roosevelt is mistaken, for every body will admit that he has done this thing very nicely indeed.

The Musical Cabinet. *G. J. Webb and T. B. Hayward, Editors. Boston: Bradbury & Soden. Philadelphia: Drew & Scammell.*—This is something quite new in the way of literary enterprise, and is highly worthy of support. Its design, chiefly, is to send forth, monthly, a choice collection of music, both sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, and also useful and instructive articles of musical literature. The cheapness of the music furnished is insisted upon as an important feature. "Every subscriber, at the close of the year, will find that he has on hand a stock of pieces suited to his wishes, at one half the cost for which the same quantity could be furnished at the music stores; and he will have the musical literature into the bargain." The Instrumental Department will embrace piano-forte pieces and organ-pieces; the Vocal Department, Secular, Sacred, and Vocal Music—the literary, original and selected articles on the subject of Music. The form of the work is quarto, and thus the music will be convenient for binding with the ordinary publications. The present number is embellished with a portrait of Handel.

The American Pocket Library of Useful Knowledge. *Compiled by Thomas C. Clark.*—This is a very valuable little work, containing a great deal of useful information in a very small compass. The uncommon success attending the work on Silk Culture, recently compiled by Mr. Clark, on the same principle, has induced the publication of this, and we are sure that it will sell. It contains the *heads* of the several Presidents of the United States—a chapter on agriculture—one on horticulture—a manual for producing silk—remarks on the preservation of health—on destiny—an alphabet for the Deaf and Dumb, with various statistics, and concludes with something for the ladies, on the art of Cooking.

It is elegantly stereotyped by Fagan, from fine type.

The Marrying Man. *A novel. By the author of "Cousin Geoffrey." Two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a book very well adapted for warm weather, when all that one desires is to be amused in as *light* a way as possible. Here are no startling novelists, no profound reflections, no philosophy, no Bulwerising—but a good deal of whim, incident, and agreeable humor. The plot turns upon commonplace events, yet is not without spirit. The novel is dedicated to Theodore Hook. It will sell, beyond doubt.

Arcturus, a Journal of Books and Opinions,—*July, 1841—Drew & Scammell.*—This magazine gives evidence of decided success, and is certainly conducted most independently. This we like. It is time that *true* criticism was cultivated and sustained, in opposition to the detestible practice of puffing all things good or bad. The number before us has an article on Channing, another on Lord Bolingbroke, a continuation of Puffer Hopkins, and various papers of interest and worth, together with notices of new works, etc.

Life in a Whale Ship.—Another number of this series of popular nautical sketches, has been laid upon our table by those indefatigable periodical agents, Messrs. Drew & Scammell. The stories are rather highly seasoned for our palate, but they seem to go down with the multitude.

Barnaby Rudge.—*By Boz—Part 1.—E. Littell & Co.*—Littell seems determined to go ahead in his supplements, and really issues them in a style deserving of success. This is another supplement to his popular "Museum of Foreign Literature."

The Law Reporter, *for July—Drew & Scammell.*—The number for the month, contains some able reports, with a digest of American Cases. The work is neatly printed on fine paper—and is most desirable to gentlemen of the bar.

The Anniversary at Boston.

The Boston correspondent of the New York American, writes under date of the 5th—

"This morning, at the dawn of day, the citizens of this city were awakened by the sound of cannon and the ringing of bells. The salute was fired on the Common at eight o'clock. The children belonging to the Warren street Chapel Sunday School passed the Tremont Hotel, making a most beautiful display; a large number of beautiful moss baskets, containing boquets of flowers, vases, and other fancy articles, were carried by the children. These articles, immediately after the procession was dismissed, were disposed of, as I understand, at good profitable prices. Next came the Baptist Sunday School Union—several thousand children, led by their teachers, and accompanied with appropriate banners, composed this procession. Leaving the column, the sound of the drum attracted us to Washington street, where we encountered the cold water army of South Boston; soon afterward, the Boston Temperance Society made their appearance. This Society celebrated the day by a meeting on the Common, to hear addresses appropriate to their principles. The civic procession, preceded by the Brigade Band and City Greys, formed at ten o'clock, in front of the City Hall, and proceeded to the Odeon, where an oration was delivered by G. T. Curtis, Esq. The Apprentices' Library Association have enjoyed a treat of an unusual kind, viz: the reading of one of his own poems by Thos. Campbell."

A Savage Piracy.

The New Bedford Register has received a file of the Shipping Gazette, published at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, to April 20th. The only news of interest is a detail of the particulars of a treacherous attack made by the natives of Ho-Ho, a bay or harbor in Camorta, one of the Nicobar Islands, on the British whale ship Pilot. The natives took possession of the ship on the 23d of December last, and murdered the captain (Wheeler.) The first and second mates, six men and two boys escaped in a boat, and were picked up at sea, on the 31st December, by her Majesty's brig Cruiser, which vessel repaired to the Island and recaptured the ship, which had been plundered of almost every thing on board of her. The natives, on the appearance of the man-of-war, fled into the jungle, thereby escaping the just punishment due to their crime. All their villages, twelve in number, were burnt, after bringing away what was found belonging to the Pilot. In some of the houses, marine stores were found which did not belong to the Pilot, such as French glazed hats, &c. leaving no doubt this is not the first vessel that has been cut off in this manner.

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Travelling Agents.

☞ John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ Thomas Severn, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ B. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ Alanson Billings, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

☞ L. Tomkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once.

☞ R. M. Smith is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

The Money Market.

Money is easy in Philadelphia, as the demand is limited, and good business paper scarce. Those, says Bicknell's Reporter, who look beyond the surface, fancy that they can discover cheering indications as relates to the fall trade, and especially should a National Bank go into operation. Much doubt, however, continues to exist as to the complete success of this measure during the extra Session. We have all sorts of rumors from Washington. It is confidently asserted in some quarters, that Mr. Clay's Bill establishing branches without the consent of the States, will be rejected either by the Senate or the House—or, if not rejected, will be vetoed by the President.—On the other hand, it is affirmed that, should a Bank Bill pass without the power to establish branches in the States, the Stock would never be taken. Capitalists, it is argued, will not invest their money in the hope of obtaining seven per cent. per annum, should the prospect be overclouded by contentions in the States, as to branches, to say nothing of an effort on the part of those opposed to Banks, to accomplish a repeal of the Charter. We say a repeal, because such a measure has already been threatened on the floor of Congress. With this view of the case, the prospect of a successful National Bank cannot be regarded as very favorable. Much prejudice exists against such an Institution, as well on political grounds, as because of the miserable policy which plunged the United States Bank of Pennsylvania into such disgrace and ruin, and involved the injury of so many widows, orphans, and other individuals. Mr. Clay and his friends are anxious to establish branches in the States without asking the consent of said States, and Messrs. Preston, Rives and other Senators, argue the propriety and policy of first obtaining the consent of the States. It is probable that this difficulty will be reconciled or compromised. If so, a Bank Bill will no doubt become a law.

On Saturday last, the writ which was issued some weeks ago, at the suit of the Bank of the United States, against Nicholas Biddle, was delivered to the Sheriff and served. It was the last day at which it could be served to be made returnable to the present term of the Court. It has been intimated that the delay observed in withholding the writ was to afford the defendant every opportunity to furnish an account of the immense sums of money abstracted from the vaults of the Bank, and thus obviate the necessity for its service. Mr. Rawle is the attorney in the case, and it is said will prosecute the suit to judgment as rapidly as the rules of law will allow, if he is not interfered with by the directors, a part of whom, it is said, have not wholly forsaken the late President of the Bank. With these individuals to retard the suit, probably but little will be effectually done in the matter until after January next, when the stockholders will have an opportunity to elect a new board of directors.

Bank of Germantown.—This institution has already issued her notes, under the late act of Assembly, of the denomination of 1, 2, and 5 dollars. They are very appropriately designed and handsomely engraved, and when once generally in circulation will no doubt prove a very great convenience to the public.

We learn that the Banks accepting the Revenue Bill pay a large proportion of the loan they are bound to subscribe under the Revenue Act, in their notes on demand; and reserve the state Certificates for their own use. Also, that the non-accepting Banks have been, or will be called upon to loan the State, under the Act of 1824, several hundred thousand dollars, and it is believed that the money will be demanded in coin.

No change in the condition of the Philadelphia Banks, or in the character of our circulation. Small notes are somewhat more abundant, and pass with great readiness. The non-accepting Banks in most cases, receive and pay them out in small quantities, but do not desire to be considered as having determined upon this policy as a permanent measure. They will be governed by circumstances.

Counterfeit five dollar notes of the Tradesmen's Bank of the city of New York, are in circulation, and, though poorly executed, require some vigilance to detect them. They are on inferior paper, and are dated Sept. 1, 1840. W. H. Falls, Cashier; Preserved Fish, President. On the right hand margin is a full length likeness of Lafayette, and on the left a vignette representing Commerce. Look out for them!

Counterfeit Coin.—It is a fact not generally known in our city, says the New York Sun, that of the five and ten cent pieces, of the new coinage, that are in circulation, about one-eighth are counterfeits. They are made of a good quality of German silver, which costs very little in comparison with the genuine article, and can easily be detected by observing that the thirteen stars that should be on all American coins, are omitted. When new they are precisely the color of the genuine pieces, but have more the appearance of being bad after being worn a short time.

The Moyamensing Bank has been sued for not redeeming its notes according to the provisions of the new Relief Bill. The amount of the demand was $7,00, and the counsel of the Bank expressed an anxiety to meet the question of the constitutionality of the law, with as little delay as possible. The matter will be decided in the course of a few days.

The Frederick county (Md.) Bank has given "notice that having recovered the whole of *its own issues*, stolen from its vaults on the 22d of May last, with the exception of $1,542, with all the States Banks, certificates and private checks taken at the same time, *it has this day resumed banking operations*. Its own notes will hereafter be received for all debts due the bank, and will be paid out at the counter as usual."

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
1010 shares	United States Bank,	18½a18¾
320 do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	35½a36¼
180 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	5¾
69 do.	Girard Bank,	27a27¼
60 do.	Commercial Bank, Cincin	87
24 do.	Reading R. R.	25
15 do.	Mechanics Bank,	26½
14 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	51a51½
13 do.	Commercial Bank,	43
5 do.	Penn Township Bank,	42½

Important.

The British Steam Navigation Company will soon have all the trading, by means of steam vessels, in their own hands. New York and Boston they have already, and we see by the New Orleans papers, that a line is to be established in that city. The Advertiser says, the Chamber of Commerce met to receive the proposition of the new Royal Steam Navigation Company for touching with their boats at New Orleans, and it was determined to ask Congress to place them on the most favored footing, &c.

This steam ship company have boats of fifteen hundred tons burthen in their line, at a cost of four millions of dollars. They receive twelve hundred thousand dollars a year from the British government, for carrying the mail. The line will commence on the first of October, and by it, we shall be in the direct receipt of news from England, every twenty-two days.

The routes are thus laid down.

No. 1. London to Havana by way of Corunna, Funchal, Barbadoes and Nassau. Returning, Havana to London by way of Barbadoes.

No. 2. On the arrival of the London boat at Havana, one steamer will leave for Honduras, Vera Cruz, Tampico, New Orleans, Havana. Another will leave same time for New Orleans direct, thence to Tampico, Vera Cruz, Honduras, Havana.

No. 3. Halifax to Havana, by way of New York and back.

No. 4. Barbadoes, leeward islands, Jamaica and back.

Congressional News.

Washington, July 1, 1841.

Senate.—A long discussion ensued between Mr. Rives, Mr. Clay, Preston, &c. Mr. Rives came out in a long speech, and "defined his position." He did not like the bill as amended by Mr. Clay, but would rather have the maiden plan as it came fresh from the hands of Mr. Secretary Ewing.

Mr. Benton offerered a resolution calling for the reasons for the removal of certain Western officers. He was induced to offer the resolution in consequence of the declaration made by the Senator from North Carolina (Mr. Mangum,) that every one might know the reason for the removals when it was desired.

Mr. Mangum said he was not in a position to answer for any one, but he had every confidence that the Administration would carry out the principles of Mr. Crittenden's bill.

A report was received from the Treasury Department, correcting an error in the statement of receipts, formerly transmitted by the Department, which was ordered to be printed.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the resolution offered by Mr. Buchanan, calling for a list of removals from office—the question being on the motion of Mr. Mangum to amend by adding the list of removals from 1829 to 1841.

The morning hour having expired, the Senator was interrupted in his remarks.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the Bill to incorporate the subscribers to the Fiscal Bank of the United States.

Mr. Rives sumitted a motion to amend the bill by striking out the 16th fundamental article, and inserting a new article providing that offices of discount and deposit may be established in the several States, with the assent of the Legislature, or, in default of such assent, that the Bank may employ such agent or Bank as may be sanctioned by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The principal point of difference from the bill as reported was in requiring the assent of the States to the introduction of all offices of discount and deposit. The State Banks he regarded as the legitimate republican system in the absence of a Bank. But he found that this his favorite *succedaneum* for a Bank was opposed on both sides of the Senate.

House.—The Speaker presented a message from the President of the United States, accompanying a memorial praying for an enactment of a general Bankrupt Law, which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

He also presented additional papers in relation to the contested election in Virginia between Messrs. Banks and Smith; referred to the Committee on Elections.

Mr. McKeon asked when the Committee on the Judiciary would be able to make a report on the subject of a General Bankrupt Law.

Mr. Barnard, from the Committee, stated that they had the subject under consideration, and thought that they would be able to make a report so as to permit action on it by the House at the present session.

Mr. J. P. Kennedy presented a petition from citizens of Baltimore, praying for the enactment of a General Bankrupt Law. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

And the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, by a vote of yeas 106, nays 65.

The Committee then went into the consideration of the Bill distributing the proceeds of the Sales of the Public lands—Mr. Lawrence in the chair.

Mr. C. Brown commenced his remarks against the Bill.

During the sitting of the committee, a message was received from the President enclosing a correspondence between himself and Mrs. Harrison, which was ordered to be printed.

Also, one informing the House that he had signed the enrolled bill, entitled a bill for the relief of Mrs. Harrison.

Washington, July 2, 1841.

In the House of Representatives this morning, the consideration of the bill providing for a distribution of the proceeds from the sales of the public lands, was resumed in committee of the whole and continued till the adjournment.

Very important movements are taking place in the Senate in relation to the Fiscal Bank. Mr. Rives closed his speech by offering an amendment providing that no branch of the Bank shall be established in any State without the permission of such State.

Mr. Clay is violently opposed to the amendment, and contends that by adopting it, all the Whigs have been contending for during the last ten years, would be given up.

The amendment was advocated by Messrs. Preston, Choate, and others.

Mr. Archer made a long speech, in the course of which he intimated that the President would not sign the bill without the amendment.

It is said that Mr. Clay would be glad if the President should veto the bill, as then both will stand upon the question, Bank or no Bank, at the next election.

Washington, July 3, 1841.

In the Senate the Fiscal Agent scheme was up for consideration during the session, and Mr. Rive's amendment warmly discussed. Messrs. Clay and Choate indulged in some spirited personalities on the latter's speech yesterday, but became reconciled before the adjournment.

In the House the discussion of yesterday was continued without a termination. An attempt was made to adjourn over to Tuesday, but the House resolved that it would not keep Monday's holiday, and will meet this morning.

Washington, July 5th, 1841.

The Senate did not sit.

The House met at 10, A. M., and went into committee, and resumed the consideration of the bill appropriating the proceeds of the public lands and granting pre-emption rights. The question was on the motion of Mr. Clifford to strike out the enacting clause.

Mr. Wise being entitled to the floor, hesitated as to whether he ought to proceed. Mr. W. opposed the bill on twelve points, viz:

1st. It is unequal, first, as between the new States themselves, and then as between the new States and the old.

2d. As a distribution of revenue from lands, it is unconstitutional, and a violation of the deed of cession.

3d. But it is a distribution of customs, and must necessarily be so, whilst there is a deficiency in the National Treasury, and whilst the present minimum price is perpetuated by the bill.

4th. It is fundamentally and necessarily a violation of the compromise act of 1832.

5th. It is a part and parcel of the protective system of duties.

6th. It extends the power of the General Government through the States to internal improvement, or to any other purpose.

7th. It alienates the Federal Government and States in being. Whilst

8th. It centralizes all power in the General Government, and humbles the States with a corruption patronage.

9th. It unconstitutionally pays the debts of the individual States, instead of paying the debts and providing for the general defence of the Union.

10th. It pays the debts of States in order to conceal from the eyes of the people the increase of taxation, substituting the means of Government for those of the States.

11. By substituting the increase of debts in all the States, to relieve the debtor States from State taxation, it necessarily makes the people of the non-debtor States partly pay the debts of the people of the debtor States for works created by the latter, for their sole benefit, and to compete with the works of the former.

12th. It makes at once a political corruption fund for politicians to trade upon, and under the modest and virtuous presence of preventing "*political bidding*," it puts in the whole nation, in all its parts and its whole, in this first *political bid*.

After Mr. Wise had concluded, the floor was assigned to Mr. Rayner, when the committee immediately rose, and at a few minutes past one the House adjourned.

Washington, July 6, 1841.

House.—Mr. Rayner being entitled to the floor, advocated the passage of the Distribution bill under consideration. He thought the question of the Public Lands ought to be settled at this Extra Session, as, unless it was settled, he believed that they would soon cease to be a source of revenue to any one.

Mr. Rhett followed in opposition to the bill, and Mr. R. had not concluded when the hour of seven arrived, being that prescribed by the resolution given above for proceeding to vote.

After some conversation, some of it of rather an excited character, the Committee proceeded to vote, the question being on the motion of Mr. Clifford to strike out the enacting clause of the bill—and the vote being taken, it stood ayes 104, nays 121.

So the motion to strike out the enacting clause of the bill was lost.

The Chairman declared the bill to be now open for amendment under the resolution adopted above, (but not for debate.)

A number of amendments were offered, but in such rapid succession, and amidst so much noise, that the effort to keep the run of them was useless.

At a quarter to ten o'clock, the committee rose, and reported the bill to the House.

The amendments were concurred in.

A motion by Mr. Weller to lay the bill on the table, by yeas 108, nays 119, was rejected.

At 11 o'clock, (under the operation of the previous question,) the bill, by yeas 116, nays 108, was passed.

A motion to reconsider the vote was made and rejected. The House then adjourned.

Senate.—Mr. Smith of Indiana, presented a memorial in favor of a Bankrupt Law.

Mr. Sturgeon presented a petition of the Board of Trade of Philadelphia, concerning the location of the Bank.

Mr. Mangum, from the committee on Naval Affairs, moved that the committee be discharged from the further consideration of the correspondence from the Mediterranean Squadron.

Mr. M. stated that it was the opinion of the committee that there was no departure from propriety in the course of the American Minister at St. James's, in putting our squadron on the alert, especially as he had not put his opinions in the shape of an order. If any thing ought to be done in reference to this matter, it was within the province of this Department.

Mr. King expressed a hope that this matter would be referred, for the purpose of making a written report, which would not merely vindicate the action of our diplomatic agent, but make his conduct the subject of commendation.

Mr. Preston acquiesced in the propriety of the report, but he did not go the length of justifying a course which might lead to an irregular mode of acting in the body. He thought that our diplomatic agent had perhaps himself shared too much in the panic which had spread on the subject of hostilities. He knew nothing more than Commodore Hull knew from the papers—nothing more than we knew here—and we knew nothing to justify the expectation of war. Mr. P. said he was satisfied with every part of this affair, except the return of the Brandywine.

Mr. Mangum said the return of the Brandywine had been referred to the Department by the Committee. And the Department would act, perhaps had already acted, by removing the Captain of the Brandywine from his command. He regretted that he did not take precisely the view taken by the others in the committee. He thought that Commodore Hull had done his duty in the course which he had taken. Mr. Stevenson's course also he approved. The committee saw no reason for taking any action on the subject.

The committee were then discharged.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill to incorporate the subscribers to the Fiscal Bank of the U. States.

The question being on the amendment offered by Mr. Bayard to the amendment of Mr. Rives.

Mr. Berrien made some remarks.

Mr. Bates said he had no more doubt that Congress had power to establish branches in the States than he had of their power to establish light houses on any of the Capes.

Mr. White, of Indiana, asked the yeas and nays on the amendment of the Senator from Delaware, and the amendment of Mr. Bayard was decided in the negative, ayes 9, nays 37.

Mr. White of Indiana, regarded the amendment as professing to borrow power from one Corporation to bestow power on another. He considered the States as the mere organs of the people, and that the people as the true source of power were the only tribunal to decide where decision was required. He considered it more dangerous to adopt the amendment than it was a week ago, and he warned all Whigs against voting for it.

Mr. Walker then made a speech, in which he declared that he would never vote to impose a branch of the Bank on Mississippi. He was determined to keep himself free from this war of nullification, and he foresaw that if the bill should pass, there would be a new scene of nullification within less than 12 months, and in that case, what would become of the Anti-Bank party! He would himself consider the success of nullification as worse than the worst bank that could be created.

The question was then taken on Mr. Rives' amendment and decided in the negative, ayes 10, noes 38.

The Senate adjourned.

General News.

How to Keep a Prisoner.—The Boston Post relates the following mode of practice of the late Sampson Wood, once Sheriff of Middlesex county, Mass.:—

He often had to convey desperate prisoners from one part of the county to another, and when night came, he used to iron himself hand and foot to his prisoner, and go to bed, and address him thus:—"You can now go to sleep, if you like, or let it alone. For my part, I shall go to sleep. You can't get away without waking me up, and carrying me with you. You have got one arm and one leg free, and so have I. Yet you may make out to kill me, but if you do, you'll have to carry my carcase with you, and that will be proof enough to get you hanged for murder; so you see, I shall stick to you like death to a dead nigger, any way you can fix it. Good night." It is hardly necessary to say that with this queer measure of precaution, no prisoner attempted to escape from Sampson.

The Crops of Georgia.—The Milledgeville Journal of the 29th ult. says:—"Appearances, a few weeks ago, were of the gloomiest character in relation to the crops. But, within a week or two, a great change has taken place. The rains that have fallen latterly in every direction, throughout the whole country, have materially improved the appearance of the corn crop, which promises now to yield an abundant harvest. Cotton, too, begins to look much better. We are informed that in South-western Georgia, the crop of cotton, from present appearances, will be a very large one. In middle Georgia, the farmers have not, generally, a good *stand*, but what they have begins to look very promising. Let but the seasons continue to be good, and that kind of *relief*, which alone can do our people and State any real good, will be, by a kind Providence, dealt out to them."

Accidents in New York on the Fifth of July.—An accident occurred in the North River on Monday, which came near terminating seriously. A sail boat, containing a lady and her infant, and a couple of gentlemen, was struck by a sudden squall, and was upset. For some time the individuals were seen struggling for life in the water, before assistance could be rendered, while the exertions of the mother to save her little one were heart-rending and unparalleled. At length a steamboat arrived to the rescue, and all were taken safely on board. The lady was almost dead, but when dragged out of the water still clung to her child. The latter was taken down in the fire-room, and by proper means was restored to life. The mother was more readily recovered. It was a touching spectacle.

Fatal Accident.—A letter received in this city from Piermont, N. H. dated June 23d, states that a melancholy accident occurred in Oxford a few days before.—As a number of men were raising the side of a frame for a barn, a Mr. Ellsworth was holding the foot of one of the posts, (the foot of the other was not held, there not being help enough,) when the frame was raised breast high, the post slipped and the whole fell. A beam struck Mr. Ellsworth on the top of his head, and killed him instantly. His brains flew twenty feet from the building. Another man had his thigh broken in two places, and several others were very badly hurt. Mr. Ellsworth was 30 years of age, and has left a wife and one child.

Hydrophobia.—We understand that this fearful malady has appeared in Jersey, near Jersey City. Mr. Mills and others have been obliged to kill a number of highly prized dogs, which had been bitten by one of their species suffering with the disorder. All dogs running at large at this season should be fitted with a proper wire muzzle; they are then prevented from biting, while entire freedom to breathe and drink is still allowed. The ordinary leather muzzle, if effectual in preventing the animal from biting, must needs cause much suffering, and humanity as well as prudence, unite in favor of the wire. Muzzling or killing is the only alternative.

Mail Robbing.—Charles Lancaster, late Postmaster at Carrollton, Illinois, was recently tried at Springville, and convicted of purloining money from letters. He was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

James McCabe, charged with having robbed the mail between Springfield and Shelbyville, plead guilty, and was sentenced to ten years imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary.

M. W. Andrews, of Paris, who was apprehended on suspicion of having robbed the mail, was released—no indictment having been found against him—the proofs not being sufficient to support the charge.

Shocking Accident at Holmesburg.—On Monday, as a number of the National Blues of Holmesburg, who had been celebrating the day, were returning home in a wagon, a keg containing between two and three pounds of powder, exploded, severely injuring six of the volunteers, whose names are George Giverson, John Giverson, Samuel Smith, Charles Worthington, L. Barton, and George Griffith. Mr. George Giverson is so seriously burnt about the face, that his recovery is considered doubtful. The explosion was caused by a cigar, which he was smoking, accidentally falling into the powder.

The Boundary Line Between Texas and the United States.—A few days since, Col. Kearney, of the engineers, expected to reach the terminus of the Texas line at Red river. Caddo parish, in Louisiana, loses two ranges of townships, inhabited by a population of great wealth and excellent character. The land is equal to any in Louisiana. This transference of a host of families from one government to another, must be unpleasant to Americans, but Col. Potter, in the Texas Congress, anticipating this event, got a bill passed securing to the owners all their lands.

A Severe Hail Storm.—The editor of the Louisville Journal has seen a letter written from Fayette county, Ky., five miles from Lexington, describing a very severe hail storm which visited that section on Friday week. The writer says:—"The hail has well nigh destroyed our crops of corn, hemp, and oats; also our vegetables and fruits. We are just consulting what to do with our fields of hemp and corn. Some of us talk of sewing hemp, and planting corn between the rows. We feel very thankful that no lives were lost, and that we have houses left to live in."

Important Verdict.—The Augusta, Geo., Chronicle and Sentinel, of Tuesday says:—"The case of the heirs of Spann against the executors of John Fox, which has been pending in the Court of Equity in this city for the last four years, and which has occupied the court and jury for the last five days, was brought to a final decision yesterday. The jury, after being out 48 hours, returned a verdict for the plaintiffs for $103,733,04, not the least interesting feature of which is, that the defendants are abundantly able to respond."

A Thrilling Incident.—The Richmond Star states that a man employed upon the roof of the Capitol, slipped, and for some time was dangling 60 feet from the ground, with no security but a grasp upon the gutter of the building! Ropes were soon procured, which he grasped and attempted to descend, but his strength failed, and he slipped, the rope cutting his hands to the very bone! He came, otherwise, safely to the ground. His position, for a time, was fearful indeed.

Fires in New York.—There were six fires in New York on Monday, though with one or two exceptions, the damage was trifling. The house of Alderman Purdy was slightly injured; the church in Prince, near Marion street, was a little damaged; the City Hall caught fire in the rear wing of the east end, under the roof. It is reported to have been set on fire, and two persons were arrested on suspicion by Justice Matsell.

The New Orleans Mint.—The silver coinage at this establishment, from the 1st of November to the 1st of April, was 860,000 dimes, and 720,000 half dimes, amounting to $229,250. The coinage in the month of May was 215,000 dimes, and 190,000 half dimes, equal to $31,000. Since the 1st of May last, there have been coined 1,785,000 dimes and half dimes, of the value of $68,000.

The Armenians.—According to Dr. Malden, the Armenians in Egypt number about 2000. They follow commercial pursuits, and have no established quarters in Cairo or Alexandria. They live on good terms with the Turks, and their stalls in the bazaars are generally filled with the richest commodities, with furs, jewelry, rich dresses, amber mouth-pieces, &c.

Awful Effects of Intemperance.—A most horrible accident occurred last week in the county of Two Mountains, Lower Canada; a man while in a state of intoxication having fallen into a kettle of boiling potash, and been completely dissolved. Search was made for his body, but not the least particle of it could be found.

A Family of Robbers.—A man named John Figary, his wife and her father, have been arrested for robbing the store of E. Clark, Son & Co. at Oxford, Chenango county, of eleven hundred dollars. All the money but about fifty dollars was recovered from them.

Recapture.—All the prisoners except one, who escaped from the penitentiary at Jefferson city, Mo. have been retaken. They were each armed with a hatchet, but did not like to show fight against their captors who were provided with rifles.

A Sharp Thief.—A fellow calling himself Richard Scott, has been arrested in New Orleans, charged with stealing twenty-eight razors, from as many different persons.

General Jackson was very ill on the 21st ult. with cramp cholic, which had greatly prostrated him. At the latest accounts he was improving.

Treasury Notes.—The aggregate amount of treasury notes outstanding on the 1st instant, was $6,345,695 13.

Solemn Caution to Parents.—Three children of Mr. Lester Lewis, of Waterford, (Great Neck) were left at a neighbor's house on Sunday while the family attended meeting. The oldest child, a girl eight years old, was sent home to feed the silk worms, and as she did not return as expected some person was sent in search of her, who found the ill-fated little girl suspended by the neck from a window quite dead; her death having evidently been occasioned by the dropping of the window upon her neck. It appeared that finding the door fastened she succeeded in getting into the house through a window which was open, but not fastened up. Having procured a basket to gather leaves she attempted to get out, and had nearly succeeded, when the window dropped and produced the sudden and mournful result described.

The Slave Trade.—The following is a list of Slavers captured by English vessels of war since the 3d of July, 1840, and taken into St. Helena for adjustment.

"In July, 1840, the Andalusia, Doringa and Dictator, all captured by H. M. brig Brisk; also, the Maria Petta, captured by the Water Witch. None of these vessels had any slaves. December 15, 1840, the Julia, captured by the Water Witch, with 220 slaves. February 5, 1841, the Louisa, captured by the Brisk, with 343 slaves. In March, 1841, the Meuisiana, with 280 slaves, the Minerva, with 325 slaves, and the Vito de Decembri with no slaves, all captured by the Brisk; also, the Douse d'Abriel, captured by the brig Persis, with no slaves. April 8, 1841, the Elio, with 380 slaves, captured by the Water Witch. Total, 11 slavers, and 1548 slaves.

Mount Vernon.—The Madisonian says, that this hallowed spot continues to attract multitudes of people, American citizens and foreign travellers, who visit it to pay their homage to the memory of Washington. The number of visiters each day is from forty to fifty, and those who are favored with suitable letters, are received with the utmost urbanity and kindness, by the very amiable and highly intelligent Mrs. J. E. Washington. A portion of the grounds are now bearing crops; the gardens continue to be cultivated and protected by the very gracious Phil Smith, a resident there of 40 years standing, and the buildings and lawns are still preserved as nearly as practicable in the state in which they were left by their immortal proprietor.

A Church Struck by Lightning.—The New York Courier states that during the thunder-gust at Worcester on Thursday, the Baptist church was struck by lightning, while the vestry of the church was filled with children, making arrangements for the approaching celebration of the 4th. About twenty of the children were struck down, most of them were burned, some seriously, but as by a miracle, no one was killed. One little girl had a comb melted by the fluid, yet she escaped with trifling injury. The lightning struck in two other places, but no damage was done. A person who was present represents it as the most terrific scene he ever witnessed.

Wont Stand It.—A meeting was recently held in Carroll county, Md. to take into consideration the propriety of resisting the law of the last Legislature authorising direct taxation. The resolutions adopted, it is said, declare the law to be unconstitutional, and go on to denounce every man who aids in laying, collects or paying the tax; all peaceable means are to be used to resist the law, and a fund is to be raised for the purpose of contesting it in the courts of the State.

Mammoth Cave.—The proprietor of the Mammoth Cave, in Livingston county, Ky., has opened a house of entertainment in the cave, about a mile-and-a-half from its mouth.

City News.

Important Arrest on a Charge of Arson.—On Thursday week, officers Strine and A. Tully, of Southwark, arrested in the vicinity of Shippen and 5th streets, two individuals of notorious bad character by the names of Josiah Bright and John Richmond, on the charge of having set on fire the store of Messrs. Mulford & Alter on the morning of the 24th ult. They were on Friday week taken before the Mayor, and there charged upon the oaths of Hugh Boyd and John Norton, as being two of the persons who came out of the premises at the time it was on fire. Mr. Boyd, it appears, is employed in an adjoining store, and resides in the immediate vicinity. These officers have been on the look out for these men, and on the night they were arrested encountered them in Dandy Hall, in Plumb street near 4th, when Mr. Boyd, who was also on the look out for them recognised them both. After a hearing they were committed to take their trial at the General Sessions on a charge of arson and murder.

Before the Recorder and Mayor.—Monday—William Simpson and Peter Groves, young men, were committed for attempting to commit a robbery on the night previous, by breaking off the lock of a blacksmith shop in Filbert street, between 8th and 9th.

Peter Berry, alias Jones, alias Vanpelt, was committed for passing a counterfeit five dollar note of the Tradesmans' Bank, New York, upon the keeper of the refectory at the corner of Third and Chesnut streets. Mr. Snyder, the keeper of the hotel in Race street below Third, sign of the King of Prussia, stated that Vanpelt—which is his right name—with another young man, took boarding at his house a week ago, in the name of Jones, and had left without paying his bill.

Another Fire.—About one o'clock on Tuesday morning, the State House bell again gave the alarm. This time the fire raged with much fury in a two storied brick tenement No. 21 Dock street. The upper story was occupied by Mr. Joseph Babnew, as a cabinet maker's shop; the lower story was tenanted by John B. Pickering, manufacturer of iron chests and scale beams. Mr. P. loses all by fire and water, and no insurance. The building was insured. The fire commenced in the cabinet maker's shop, which contained a large amount of finished work and materials, and which were all destroyed. This fire is believed to have resulted from incendiarism.

Robbery.—A boarding house in Harmony court was robbed on Thursday night week and again on Saturday night, of a quantity of specie belonging to one of the boarders, the money having been taken from his trunk, and the whole amount stolen being about eighty-two dollars. A young man was arrested on Monday morning, charged with the robbery, and committed by Alderman Christian. On Monday, also, a notorious pickpocket and burglar was arrested on a charge of a participation in the same robbery, and was committed by the Mayor for a further hearing.

The Philadelphia Gazette.—This old and well established paper has passed to the hands of Messrs. Russel, M'Carty & Co, by whom it will hereafter be published. The names that appear are sufficient evidence that it will be conducted with an upright, enterprising spirit. The editorial department is to be filled by Mr. Hoover, who is already known in connexion with the press, as a polished and vigorous writer. The marine department is to continue under the direction of Mr. Knorr, who has for the last twenty years so successfully performed its duties.

Iron Pillars.—In some of the new stores going up about town, we notice the introduction of cast iron hollow pillars instead of granite or marble columns. They have the advantage of strength, security from fire, and occupying but little room. They certainly are the cheapest material, when durability and strength are considered. In a country so abundantly supplied with the raw material, and where it is reduced to any shape with such ease, its use in private and public edifices must soon become extensive in Pennsylvania.

Struck by Lightning.—The schooner Runner, now lying at Catharine street wharf, and owned by Mr. John Rink, was anchored off Cohansey, and struck by lightning during the storm on the evening of Monday last. The electric fluid shattered the mainmast, and ran down and entered the main deck, ripping it open, and knocking the water casks about as if they cost nothing. The companion doors were burst open, and all the hands who had taken shelter in the cabin, were knocked down, but not much injured.

Collision on the Delaware.—As a steamboat having a large ship in tow, was coming up the river on Friday morning, she ran into the barque Columbia, from Londonderry, also coming up. The confusion on board the barque, which was filled with passengers, was excessive, and materially prevented the crew from working her off as soon as they might have done. The barque sustained pretty much all the injury. Her jibboom was carried away, as also part of her head and cut water.

The Irish Volunteers, a new military company, paraded on Monday for the first time. They were organized for the purpose of offering their services to the Government in case of a war with England, some time since, when the President was authorized to accept such patriotic volunteers. They are a fine set of men, and look as if they could do an enemy considerable damage in close contest. They have not yet adopted any other uniform than a cloth cap. Myles Tully is their captain.

Counterfeits.—A man calling himself James Thorpe was charged on Wednesday before the Recorder by E. D. Pasey, with attempting to pass at the dry goods store at the corner of Fifth and Arch streets, on Monday afternoon, a $5 counterfeit note on the Tradesmen's Bank, New York. It appears that he tried it at several other places in the neighborhood. A man of his appearance passed one of the same kind of notes for a pair of shoes in the lower part of the city. He was committed.

Altered Notes.—Mrs. Hobson, who keeps a fancy and stationery store in Chesnut street near Eighth, was cheated by an elderly man on Tuesday night, who passed upon her, for the payment of a small bill, a two dollar note of the Wilmington and Brandywine Bank, altered to a twenty. He had other notes with him of the same character, besides a quantity of Tide Water Canal money. Shopkeepers and others should be on the look-out.

The New Catholic Church of St. Patrick.—The corner stone of this new place of worship in Schuylkill Third street, between Locust and Spruce streets, was laid on Sunday afternoon last. The ceremonies, which were of a highly interesting character, were conducted by Bishop Kenrick, assisted by several clergymen. Dr. Moriarty delivered the sermon.

Large Turtle.—A sea turtle, weighing five hundred pounds, arrived in this city on Thursday week by the cars, and passed on to Washington, through Baltimore, the next morning. It was a present to President Tyler, from some friends in New York, and was served up for his 4th of July dinner.

Arrest.

The Nashville papers notice the arrest of Hiram Baker, a small dealer in groceries in that city, charged with being concerned in the robbery of the Union Bank of Tennessee, and other offences. One of the late officers in the Bank is now in prison. It appears that Baker was the agent in getting off the notes, and having passed some of them away, they were traced by the bank officers to Baker, who on being arrested, confessed his participation in the crime, and alledged that another grocer named H. H. Morgan and a T. D. Manville brought the money to him to get it off. The package stolen contained $18,500, and a portion of it has been recovered. The parties have all been committed.

Financial Record.

Dividends.

The following seasonable dividends have just been declared, and will prove very acceptable to the stockholders:

Pennsylvania Company for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities,	3 per ct.
Philadelphia Fire and Inland Navigation Trust Company,	3 "
Fire Insurance Company of the County of Philadelphia,	3 "
Union Insurance Co. of Philadelphia,	5 "
Bank of Pennsylvania,	2½ "
Bank of North America,	2½ "
Philad. Exchange Co. for the year,	4 "
Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad Co.	3 "

Loan from the Banks.

The rumor which was current last week, that the Governor had made a demand upon the Banks which accepted the Revenue Bill, for the deficiency in the loan, does not appear correct, as the circular which we annex seems only to tender the privilege of further subscription, to be accepted or declined at the option of the Bank.

Secretary's Office,
Harrisburgh, June 25th, 1841.

Sir—The subscriptions by the banks which accepted the provisions of the act to provide revenue, of the 4th of May last, to the loan of $3,100,000 authorized by the said act, amount to the sum of $1,675,910—leaving a deficit of $1,424,090. It is provided by the 20th section of the said act, that the omission or refusal of any bank, subject to the payment of tax on its dividends, shall not effect the rights or privileges conferred on the banks complying with the same, but the amount of the said loan, not taken, may be distributed amongst the other banks of the commonwealth, according to the proportions designated in the 7th section of the act. In compliance with the provisions of this section, the Governor has directed the amount of the loan not taken as aforesaid, to be distributed amongst the accepting banks, according to the proportions designated in the said 7th section. By this distribution, the proportion of your bank will be —— per cent. of your capitol, equal to the sum of —— dollars. I have been directed by the Governor to transmit to you this statement and distribution, in order that the same may be submitted to the Board of Directors of your bank—with the request that their decision upon it, and whether they agree to make the subscription to supply their proportion of the said deficit, may be forwarded, as soon as convenient, to this department.

I am yours, respectfully,
(Signed) Fra. R. Shunk,
Secretary of Commonwealth.

Bankrupt Law.

The Speaker laid before the House a Message from the President of the United States, enclosing a memorial from citizens of New York, praying the passage of a bankrupt law. The memorial was signed by 3000 persons. The Message was read, and is in the following words:

To the House of Representatives of the United States.

The accompanying memorial in favor of the passage of a bankrupt law, signed by nearly three thousand of the inhabitants of the city of New York, has been forwarded to me, attended by a request that I would submit it to the consideration of Congress. I cannot waive a compliance with a request urged upon me by so large and respectable a number of my fellow citizens. That a bankrupt law, carefully guarded against fraudulent practices, and embracing, as far as practicable, all classes of society—the failure to do which has heretofore constituted a prominent objection to the measure—would afford extensive relief, I do not doubt. The distress incident to the derangement of some years past has visited large numbers of our fellow citizens with hopeless insolvency, whose energies, both mental and physical, by reason of the load of debt pressing upon them, are lost to the country. Whether Congress shall deem it proper to enter upon the consideration of this subject at its present extraordinary session, it will doubtless wisely determine. I have fulfilled my duty to the memorialists in submitting their petition to your consideration.

JOHN TYLER.

Washington, June 30, 1841.

Compounding Felony.

The Frederickton Gazette gives the following details of the precise way in which the money stolen from this Bank was returned, and how the negotiations were carried on with the Rogues, through the intervention of a Lawyer.

Wiley, the attorney, addressed a letter to the Directors, dated New York, stating that he could furnish some information about the stolen funds of the Bank, if he could have a personal interview with some authorized individual in New York. Accordingly Dr. Tyler and Mr. Beall both left for that city, and arrived there on Sunday evening.

The Frederickton Journal then gives the following details of this singular and unprecedented negotiation.

Early on Monday morning Mr. Wiley was seen by the agents of the Bank, who found him engaged in the discharge of the duties of his office, being that of an Associate Justice of one of the inferior Courts of the City of New York. He was recently, if not now, a practising lawyer in the Court of that city. The agents were received by Mr. W. with assurance that no difficulty should be thrown in the way of a speedy recovery of the plundered funds of the Bank. Mr. W. requested a delay of a few days, as the individual professing to know something about the funds was absent at the South. Nothing was heard till Wednesday evening, when Mr. W. called on the agents, who agreed to pay 8 per cent. for the restoration of the lost issues of the Bank. Mr. W. took with him this proposition, and in the morning notified the agents that he would accept it. It was still not in his power to say on what day the funds could come into his possession, but pledged himself to deliver them at the earliest possible moment after they came into his possession. Nothing more was hard before Saturday morning, when about ten o'clock Mr. Wiley called on Messrs. Tyler and Beall, saying that he was prepared to deliver the property of the Bank.

Mr. Wiley then went to the New York Bank, and in the presence of Mr. Beall requested the Cashier to go with them and assist in counting the money. He also procured the aid of Mr. Hearn, a respectable merchant in Broadway, as they passed along. The place of appointment was a front room in the Hotel, standing on the corner of Broadway and Howard streets, where they all assembled, viz:—Dr. Tyler, Mr. Beall, Mr. Wiley, a Mr. Seal who is clerk to Wiley's Court, Mr. Halsey the Cashier of the New York Bank, and Mr. Hearn the Broadway merchant. Mr. Wiley then left the room for a few minutes and returned bearing in his hand a leather *valise*, which was found to contain the required funds, all sealed up in a single envelope. The package was opened and the money counted by the above named gentlemen. This took place on Saturday morning. After the counting was finished the funds was delivered to Messrs. Tyler and Beall, who paid Mr. Wiley the per centage *on the issues*, as agreed on, and by the evening cars they returned home with their lost treasure. By this means the Frederick County Bank is again upon its legs and in a sound condition. Before the robbery the stock of the Bank to our certain knowledge sold for six per cent. *above par*; and we feel assured that its late misfortune, from which it may now be said to have recovered entirely, so far as the community is concerned, will not cause it to lose any portion of the public confidence it formerly enjoyed. Its *notes* are now perfectly good and none in the State are better.

Scott's Guards.

A new uniformed military company has recently been formed at Elizabethtown, N. J., (the residence, when not on detached service, of Gen. Scott,) which has taken his name.

A series of resolutions were adopted at the organization of the company, highly complimentary to this distinguished officer, of which we find the result in the annexed correspondence taken from the Elizabethtown Journal.

Gen. Winfield Scott—Dear Sir: I have the honor to transmit to you a copy of sundry resolutions which were adopted at a meeting held by the military company recently organized in this town. And in addition to the sentiments contained in those resolutions, allow me to add that I shall, as their commander, feel myself highly honored, if, by their strict military discipline, and otherwise correct deportment, they shall merit your approbation. And while the "Scott's Guards" look to you as their honored example, and strive to emulate your virtues as a citizen and soldier, I am sure they will acquire the esteem, merit and confidence of their fellow citizens; and cannot fail to secure to themselves the proud distinction of good soldiers and valuable citizens.

With sentiments of the highest respect, I subscribe myself your obedient servant,

J. D. Edwards, Capt. Scott's Guards.

Elizabethtown, N. J., June 25, 1841.

Capt. J. D. Edwards—Sir: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your flattering note of the 18th inst., enclosing resolutions adopted by a military company formed in this place, under your command, and which has done me the high honor of assuming the name of the "Scott's Guards."

Truly grateful, I beg leave to return thanks to my partial neighbors—not doubting that the company will not only do honor to my name, but, what will be infinitely higher, *to the State*, which in the great revolutionary struggle of our fathers, was covered with the blood and the glory of her sons.

With great respect and esteem, I remain, sir, your friend and neighbor, Winfield Scott.

Capt. J. D. Edwards, Scott's Guards.

Singular Case of Suicide.

On Thursday morning about nine o'clock, while some boys were fishing on the Schuylkill river, near Arch street wharf, one of them drew with his line to the surface of the water, what was afterward found to be the bodies of two persons, a man and a woman, the hook having caught in the garments of the female. The bodies were got on shore, and it was found that they were tied together at the wrists by a red silk handkerchief, the man's right hand to the woman's left. In the coat pocket of the man was found a brass barreled pistol loaded with ball and capped, and one of the same kink, also loaded, was found in a pocket of the under garments of the female.

The man was supposed to be about twenty-six years of age, and the female about nineteen. They each had dark hair and were good looking. The man had on a new blue cloth coat, gilt buttons, raised in the centre, drab cloth pantaloons, black silk figured vest, muslin shirt, new coarse calfskin boots, and white socks. The female had on a straw bonnet, light colored summer gloves, white stockings, mouselin de laine gown of yellow ground and small red flower, blue calico petticoat, and had in her ears a small pair of rings. A fur hat was found floating in the river about an hour before, which is supposed to belong to the man.

The Coroner held an inquest upon the bodies, and the jury rendered a verdict of Suicide. Although the bodies were seen by many hundreds of people on the wharf, they were not identified. They were taken to the Green House for recognition. It is said by some that two persons answering to their appearance were seen walking along the banks of the river the evening previous.

Appointments by the President.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Joseph Eve, Charge d'Affaires to Texas.

Isaac Rand Jackson, Charge d'Affairs to Denmark.

Walter Forward, First Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States.

Elisha Whittlesey, Auditor of the Treasury for the Post Office Department of the U. States.

Paul Rossignol, Superintendent of the Branch Mint at Dahlonega, in the State of Georgia.

OFFICERS OF THE CUSTOMS.

COLLECTORS.

Jeremiah Brooks, at York, Maine, vice Josh. P. Junkings.

Joseph Thompson, at Fairfield, Connecticut, vice Samuel Simons.

SURVEYORS.

Wm. J. Edelen, at Llewellensburg, Maryland, vice Aloysius Thompson.

Giles R. Hallam, at Stonington, Connecticut, vice Benj. Pomeroy.

APPRAISER.

Robert M. Wellman, at New Orleans, La., vice Cyrus Bradley.

Last of the Piracy.

The intelligence of the arrival of Captain Gorham and crew at Charleston has reached New Orleans, and produced a great reaction in the feelings of the New Orleanois. The Bee observes that "the more we reflect on the conduct of Captain Gorham in abandoning the Charles, the more we are astonished and indignant at its culpable stupidity. If we felt disposed to overlook his desertion of the vessel under circumstances which, as a sea-faring man, he should have known, exempted her from all danger of sinking, we would still be compelled to condemn him for not leaving on board a single line by which the facts of the case might have been ascertained. A few words written in his log-book, a letter left on the table in the cabin, would have spared the friends and relatives of the passengers the most cruel anguish, the city authorities a heavy expense, and an innocent individual the loss of life by a deplorable mistake. For all this is Captain Gorham accountable. A fearful weight of responsibility attaches to his infamous conduct. If we have a counsel to offer him, it is to avoid Louisiana in all his future peregrinations. We know not to what extremities the exasperations of our citizens would impel them, if the guilty author of so much mischief were in their power."

Later From Africa.

The packet brig Rudolph Groning, Sexton, arrived this morning from Monrovia, via Sierra Leone. By this vessel we have the Liberia Herald of March 29, and Africa's Luminary of the 2d of April. The following is a list of the passengers in the brig:—Rev. John Seys, Superintendent of the Methodist mission in Liberia, lady, daughter and servant; Mr. John Payne, lady and servant, of the Protestant Episcopal mission at Cape Palmas; Mrs. Ann Wilkins, of the Methodist mission; Mr. N. P. Jayne, late printer of Africa's Luminary; Mr. William Crocker, of the Baptist mission at Bassa Cove; Mrs. Jane Savage and son, of Liberia; Miss Elizabeth Savage, of do.; Mrs. Amelia Taylor, of do.; Mr. Adolph Duprey and lady, of New Orleans; Mr. Carlos Ramius, of Teneriffe; Messrs. J. W. Roberts, George I. Brown, Leon Harris, Samuel Benedict, Mr. Savage and Simon Peter, of Liberia—the latter one of the native converts, belonging to the Methodist mission.

The Luminary is chiefly occupied with certain documents from the Methodist Missionary Board in this city, in relation to a difficulty existing between Governor Buchanan and the superintendent of that mission.

Funeral Procession.

The Pittsburg Advocate says, the remains of President Harrison reached this city yesterday. Between 1 and 2 o'clock, the firing of cannon at the Garrison announced the arrival of the boat at Sharpsburg, a few miles above the city, which announcement was answered by cannon from one of our hills, summoning the citizens, of Pittsburg and Allegheny to form in procession at the Canal Basin. In a few minutes more the streets were thronged with the multitude, eager to press forward and show their mournful regard for the beloved deceased. The procession was soon in motion, and moved slowly through the principal streets of the city, to solemn and impressive music, amid the roar of artillery and the tolling of bells. Most of the military companies turned out, together with civic bodies, clergymen and citizens. Every window was filled with women and children, while the streets were thronged with a dense concourse of people. Our population appeared to have come forth *en masse*. The body of Gen. Harrison was finally placed on board the steamboat Raritan, which left immediately for North Bend.

American Securities in England.

A correspondent of the New York Courier writes under date of June 18, the market for American securities has, however, been firmer, and more business has taken place since the arrival of the Caledonia steamship. The advancing rates in the United States has created more confidence in the speculators here, and the shares of the Bank of the U. S. particularly, were in demand on Monday or Tuesday last at £4 5, but this price has not since been sustained, sales having not this afternoon been really practicable at higher quotations than £4. The transactions were yesterday considerable on New York 5 per cents. at 81, the market being cleared of the stock at that rate, and there was one transaction of 10,000 of Ohio 6 per cents. at 88. The transactions in Indiana and Illinois stocks have been suspended, in consequence of the uncertainty which prevails respecting the dividends on those securities, although the latest accounts represent the Commissioners as fully expecting to obtain the requisite funds in New York."

West Point Academy.

The Report of the Board of Visiters at West Point, is published in the National Intelligencer of Monday. It is highly complimentary to the managers of the institution. Various suggestions are urged, and the board concludes with this language.

"The Department will permit us to add, in conclusion, that with whatever diversity of opinions we may have met, we are about to take leave of each other and of this enticing scenery, which nature seems to have created in beautiful harmony with a vigorous and tempered development of youthful intellect, deeply sensible to the great permanent interest of the whole country in this our only national institution of science, and earnestly hoping that no narrow public councils or party or local jealousies will ever be suffered to divert it from its original purpose, or to impede its natural progress to the very utmost limit of academical perfection."

Found Him out, at Last.

We copy the following biography of Kendall, one of the editors of the N. O. Picayune, from Hill's N. H. Patriot:—

"The talented and facetious editor of the Picayune is the descendant of an ancient family at Amherst in this State; his great grandfather on the mother's side was the first most respected clergyman of that town; his mother, with an angelic voice, was the head of the singing choir for years at the church which we attended from 14 to 21 years of age—she was married, and we had the honor to be a guest at the wedding. The father and the mother moved away to Burlington, Vermont, and we knew not that such a person as young K—— was in existence till the flashes of his fine talents repeatedly met us all the way from New Orleans. Like many others whom we might name, he is indebted for his notoriety to his service in a printing office."

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	10a12½	Pigs, whole,	$1a$1¼
" middling,	6a 8	Pigs' Feet, set,	10a12
" Corned,	7a 9	Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25
Veal,	5a 8	Fresh Tripe, per lb.	4a 6
Mutton,	5a 7	Mince Meat, jar,	$1
Lamb, per qr.	62a87½	Souce Cheese, lb.	9a10
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5a 7	Dried Plums, qt.	15a20
" pickled,	6a 7½	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	7a 8
Hams, Jersey,	11a12	Blood Pudding,	7a 8
Jowls,	5a 6	Potatoes, old, peck,	12a15
Dried Beef,	11a12½	Do new, lb.	2a 3
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Apples, green, ½ pk.	10a12
Butter, lb.	18a25	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Lard,	10a12½	Pickles, per 100,	25a37½
Cheese,	6a12½	Beets, bunch,	4a 6
Eggs, per doz.	14a16	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Fowls, pair,	62a75	Turnips, new, peck,	30a40
Chickens, pair,	37a50	Onions, green, rope,	6a 8
" Live,	31a50	Do. green, bunch,	1a 2
Turkeys,	75a$1½	Smearcase, qt.	5a 6
Pigeons, pair,	20a25	Lima Beans,	11a12
Salmon, pickled, lb.	11a12½	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	20a25
" fresh,	20a25	Green Whortleberries,	6a 8
" dry, lb.	23a25	Cranberries, qt.	10a12
Flounders, fresh, lb.	6a 7	Dried Apples, ½ pk.	16a20
Halibut, per lb.	10a12½	" Pears,	37a44
Black Fish, "	7a 9	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
Porgies, "	6a 7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	44a50
Perch, string,	10a20	Wheat "	75a81
Rock, lb.	12a20	Walnuts, peck,	25a30
Pickled Cod,	4a 5	Shellbarks, per qt.	4a 5
Lobsters, live, lb.	12½	Hominy,	8a10
Terrapins, doz.	$3a$4	Horseradish, root,	2a 3
Ducks, pair,	62a81	Honey, per lb.	15a18
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Dried Cherries, qt.	10
Asparagus, bunch,	10a12½	" stoned,	20a25
Currants, per qt.	6a 8	Grapes, per qt.	5a 7
Sallad, qr. peck,	1a 2	Peas, half peck,	10a12½
" head,	1a 2	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Gooseberries, per qt.	8a10	String Beans, ½ pk.	10a12
Dewberries,	10a12½	Cabbage, head,	4a 6
Mulberries, box,	8a 9	Cucumbers, piece,	1a 3
Raspberries, "	8a10	Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5
Cherries, per lb.	4a 8	Squashes, each,	2a 3

The markets have not been as fully supplied the past week as for two or three weeks previously, and, as a consequence, the supply of Fruits and Vegetables has been something short, which has advanced prices. Strawberries are entirely gone, and Green Peas are not very abundant. Raspberries do not come in as plentifully as was expected, and the price still keeps up. Some few Dewberries are in market, which, being deemed a most healthy fruit, will no doubt be sought after. The excessively warm weather has prevented the production of the late full supply of Butter, or even the keeping of it good after made—consequently the price has advanced fifty per cent. on last week's quotation. Eggs are also going up. Fish are this week plenty, and at lower rates than they have been for some weeks. The Meat market is much the same as it has been for the past two months. Foreign Fruits, especially Pine Apples and Lemons are still plenty in all parts of the city. Oranges are less abundant than they have been.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

Remarks.—As is invariably the case about the period of the Anniversary of our National Independence, business has become exceedingly dull, and we have but few transactions to note.

In Coffee and Cotton there have been no sales of magnitude.

Flour and Meal.—Small sales of Fresh ground Flour at $5.50; Brandywine $5.50—both for export. Holders ask $5.50 on the Delaware for fair to good brands Penna. Flour, but the demand has become exceedingly limited. On Broad street sales for city use at $5.37½a5.50 for fair to good brands. Rye Flour is steady at $3.12½a3.25. Corn Meal—Sales of Penna. Meal in bbls at $2.75.

Grain.—Last sales of Wheat were at $1.20a1.22 per bushel for good to prime Penna. red. Rye—We quote Penna. at 62 cts. Corn—Sales of round Yellow at 60a61, and White 56a59 cts. It is wanted. Oats—Sales of Southern at 40 cts.

Provisions are without change, either in price or demand.

Sugar.—The transactions have been only in small lots at steady rates.

Whiskey.—Sales in bbls at 21, occasionally 21½ cents; sales in bbls at 22 cts. Market quiet.

Exchange.—On Boston 2½a3 per cent prem; N. York 2¾a3¼ do; Baltimore ¾a1 do; Richmond 1 per cent. disct; New Orleans 4a4½ do.—*North American.*

A NEW VOLUME.
IN SPLENDID STYLE.

July, 1841.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The great increase in the subscription list of this highly popular Magazine (the edition having more than doubled in less than six months,) induced the proprietor, to commence a new volume, with the July number. It is issued in the most attractive style, with the first of a new series, of

Rich Original Engravings,

got up in a manner, that shall surpass any used, in any other American Magazine. In addition to the fact, that we employ the talent of the very best American artists, in the engraving of the plates for this work, it must be remembered, the most of the subjects selected, are

Original American Pictures,

which have never been before engraved, and are consequently, the newest that can be brought before the public.

Highly Colored Fashions.

It must be remembered, that the Fashion plates of this Magazine, are the best in coloring and design that can be found in any work published, in this country or in Europe. They are engraved and colored for this Magazine, by the best artists that the country can produce, and are drawn, *always* from the latest designs from Paris and London, and consequently may always be relied upon as the prevailing style in the United States, for the month in which they are issued. We pay more for *coloring* than any other publication, and always have the *best*.

The July number contains the following splendid embellishments, procured at great expense, and it may be safely asserted that no three dollar magazine published in this country, ever expended as much upon a single number.

Cottage Life.—A magnificent steel engraving, prepared expressly for the magazine, by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie, New York.

The Gleaners.—Another beautiful steel plate, engraved for the magazine by Eldridge.

Fashions.—Four figures, handsomely colored. Two ladies and two gentlemen. A feature peculiar to this magazine.

Sports and Pastimes.—Illustrated with an engraving.

Music.—"Away then to the Mountains," three pages.

Our Beautiful Mezzotint Engravings.

It affords us much satisfaction to be able to state to our exchanges and subscribers, that we have made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, the accomplished mezzotint engraver, whose plates have contributed so much to the beauty of the magazine heretofore, by which we secure *his splendid mezzotints for this work alone*. No other magazine of this kind can have them *without permission from us*.

This we take to be a good move, and although the preference is *purchased by us at a very heavy expense*, we are confident *that nothing can be got up to equal them in beauty, or to compete with them in popularity*. The engagement is permanent, and is confined to magazine work alone. The artist will still furnish his incomparable plates for all other purposes.

These beautiful engravings will consequently appear as often as they can be furnished by the artist. The immense increase in the edition rendering it necessary that *two or three* plates of the same subject must be prepared for every number in which they are used. We print now per month an edition of

17,000 Copies,

And, at the present rate of increase, shall soon have an edition unequalled in the history of magazine publishing in this country, or in Europe. We confidently assert, that no work of the kind ever started here, has secured so wide a circulation in the same space of time.

Our Splendid Steel Engravings.

We have also entered into a distinct and permanent arrangement with Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie, of New York, for a series of splendid engravings, *to be got out in a style unsurpassed by any that have ever been done in this country*. The wide spread fame of these artists is a sufficient guarantee of the character of the work, that we shall receive from their hands. So that with such an organization, we may safely defy competition in the way of embellishments, show the world.

A Pattern for Others to Follow

in the way of liberal and judicious expenditure, and fix a new era in the history of magazine publishing in this country. It is a libel upon American artists to presume that the *worn-out plates of old English Annuals* are to compete with, or be preferred, to the beautiful creations of their genius, taste, and skill.

The Contributors.

In addition, to the unusually fine array of original contributors, which the Magazine has thus far boasted, arrangements have been made with a number more, of the best writers of the day, so that space and variety may be looked for in the literary department of the new volume.

Sports and Pastimes.

This interesting feature of the Magazine shall still be preserved as important to young sportsmen, and in fact to all young or old, who delight in the sports of the rod and the gun. Articles in this department shall be from acknowledged pens, and of the very best authority.

New Type and Paper.

The volume is opened with a new and beautiful type, cast expressly for the work, the mechanical execution is of surpassing neatness, and the printing is upon the finest white paper.

New and Popular Music.

The choicest pieces of new and popular music for the Piano forte and Guitar shall be selected for its pages, and two or more pages shall appear regularly each month. In this way subscribers in remote country towns, can always have the latest music at low rates, almost as soon as it is published.

TERMS CASH.

The terms are $3 for a single subscription, and in no case will the price be abated, or *two copies* for $5 free of postage and discount, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *No subscriber received in any case without the money.* This rule is imperious and will not be departed from.

Address post-paid, GEO. R. GRAHAM,
S. W. corner 3d and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

Exchanges will please Copy,

and send their papers, hereafter, addressed to the Saturday Evening Post, which will save the publisher postage.

Health Office, July 3, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.
From the 26th of June to the 3d of July.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Asphyxia,	0	1	Brought over,	29	31
Apoplexy,	3	0	Hæmorrhage from Bowels,	1	0
Croup,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	2
Congestion of Brain,	1	0	——bronchi,	1	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	9	0	——Lungs,	0	6
Convulsions,	1	4	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
——Puerperal,	1	0	——Bowels,	1	2
Cachexia,	0	1	——Liver,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	0	6	Intemperance,	2	0
Dropsy,	0	1	Inanition,	0	2
——Abdominal,	2	0	Infanticide,	0	1
——Head,	0	9	Marasmus,	1	10
Disease of Heart,	2	1	Measles,	0	1
——Bowels,	1	0	Neglect,	0	1
Drowned,	2	1	Old Age,	2	0
Dysentery,	1	1	Scirrhus of Uterus,	1	0
Debility,	0	3	Small Pox,	0	3
Effects of Lightning,	1	0	Still Born,	0	5
Fever,	3	0	Summer Complaint,	0	17
——Congestive,	1	0	Unknown,	0	1
——Bilious,	0	1	Varioloid,	0	1
——Typhoid,	1	0			
——Inflammatory,	0	1			
Carried over,	29	31	Total, 130——	39	91

Of the above there were 6 from the almshouse, 3 from the country, and 15 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health.
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
June 28,	75	78	80
29,	77	81	84
30,	80	85	87
July 1,	81	85	89
2,	76	79	80
3,	71	74	75

Chesterfield Boarding School, for Boys under 14 years of age. Situated on the Crosswicks Road, about three miles from Bordentown, N. J.

The School will open for the Summer term, on the 12th day of the 5th month, 1841.

In the government of the School, care will be extended to form such habits and inculcate such principles, as will best advance the welfare of the pupils, both morally and physically.

The scholars will be expected to attend (with their Teacher) Friends' Meeting at Crosswicks, about three fourths of a mile distant.

The number of Boys limited to twenty-eight.

TERMS—Sixty dollars per term of twenty two weeks, payable half in advance, the remainder in the middle of the term. Books and Stationary included, no extra charge.

It is desirable that the outer garments of the Boys should be dark color,—and all the clothing marked with the pupil's name.

HENRY W. RIDGWAY.

REFERENCES—

Joseph Ridgway, No. 70 Chesnut st. Philadelphia.
George Truman, No. 325 Arch street, "
George M. Justice, No. 149 Market st. "

ap 17-3m*

STAMMERING CURED, AND INSTRUCTION GIVEN IN ELOCUTION.

DR. COMSTOCK'S Vocal Gymnasium is open from the first of September till the last of June—July and August being vacation months. All desirous of instruction either for the cure of *Stammering, Lisping or Defective Articulation*, or for improvement in *Elocution*, may learn the conditions of

ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.
No. 100 Mulberry (Arch) street, Philadelphia.

☞ *Dr. Comstock's Remarks on Stammering*, certificates of cures, and the numerous recommendations which he has obtained of his *System of Vocal Gymnastics*, are appended to the colar, which shall be sent to any one who may wish to learn more upon the subject of his institution. Satisfactory references will be given to the principal cities throughout the Union. july 10-3m*

BOARDING at Deal, near Long Branch, N. Y.—The subscriber having taken the house formerly occupied by Jacob Corlies, it will be opened the first of July for the accommodation of all those that will favor him with their custom. The pleasantness of the house needs no recommendation. For health and comfort it cannot be surpassed by any on the Sea Board. The subscriber hopes by strict attention to receive a share of public patronage.

SCOTT HERBERT.
Deal, June 26, 1841. june 26-4t*

AMERICAN Medical Library, New Series.—Edited by Robley Dunglison, M. D. Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in Jefferson College of Philadelphia, &c. &c.

The first number of the new series will be published in the course of the month.

Terms—Five dollars a year payable in advance. Address july 10-3t. A. WALDIE, Philada.

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 79 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1 ly

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colormen, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Pipes, Window Glass, &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. ap 24 ly

ALMANAC.

July, 1841.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
10 Saturday,	4 40	7 20	6 51	
11 Sunday,	4 40	7 20	7 33	
12 Monday,	4 41	7 19	8 10	
13 Tuesday,	4 41	7 19	9 8	
14 Wednesday,	4 42	7 18	10 2	Full 3 1 23
15 Thursday,	4 43	7 17	11 2	Last 11 3 24
16 Friday,	4 43	7 17	12 7	New 19 9 6
17 Saturday,	4 44	7 16	1 3	First 25 2 14

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.	
Eastern,	at 3 & 12 P. M.	Eastern,	at 8 A. M. & 4 P. M.
Western,	4 1-2 & 11 1-2 P. M.	Western,	5 A. M. & 10 P. M.
Southern,	5 P. M.	Southern,	5 A. M.

Married,

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, Mr. Robert F. Muffin, to Miss Eliza P. daughter of James W. Simes, Esq. all of this city.

On the 4th inst. at Gloucester Furnace, N. J. by the Rev. M. Coeman, Mr. John Richards, Esq. to Miss Louisa Stevens, of Philada.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. Luther B. Tompkins, of Winslow, N. J. to Miss Ann E. Sooy, of Waterford Township, Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, Benjamin Franklin Shubert, to Wilhelmina W. Schilling, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. A. D. Gillette, William Stonehill, to Catharine Seabolt, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Sampson, Mr. John McKane, to Mrs. M. Wilson, both of this city.

On the 19th ult. at East Liberty, Allegheny county, by the Rev. Joseph Kerr, the Rev. John G. Fulton, of Blairsville, to Frances McClintock, youngest daughter of John McClintock, Esq.

On the 30th ult. at Friends' Meeting House, on Cherry street, Joseph Warner Johnson, to Mary J. Wright, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. F. Ketcham, Wm. Lowery, to Mary Mybrow, both of the Northern Liberties.

In New York, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Price, Theophilus Hardenbrook, to Rebecca M. Van Reed, daughter of the late John Van Reed, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. W. D. Howard, of Frankford, Churchill Houston, to Susannah Louisa, daughter of John Jacob Sommer, formerly of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. O. Douglass, Washington Symmes, to Julia Church.

On the morning of the 1st inst. at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Capt. Thomas Hornbrook, of Wheeling, Va. to Tryphena H. daughter of Saml. Philbrook, of Andover, N. H.

On Thursday evening, 17th ult. at Covington, Ky. by the Rev. J. L. Wilson, Mr. George W. Ball, of Vicksburg, Miss. to Miss Mary Jane, eldest daughter of John K. McNickle, Esq.

On Thursday, 24th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Sylvester Keyser, of Penn Township, to Mary A. daughter of John Phillips, Esq. of the Northern Liberties.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. Edwin A. Hughes, to Miss Mary C. Richards, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by Alderman Potts, Mr. Anthony Pettit, to Miss Susan Bachelor, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 1st inst. by Alderman John Laws, Roderick D. Brown, to Elizabeth Lynn, both of this city.

At the Conewago Chapel, on the 24th of May, by the Rev. Mr. Lekne, Dr. William Gwinn, to Miss Clorinda M. daughter of William McIlvain, Esq. all of Littlestown, Pa.

In the city of Camden, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. K. Shaw, Mr. Abner Sparks, to Miss Hope J. Cloud, both of Knight's Point.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. George W. Aber, of Spring Garden, to Miss Frances Krider, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 4th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, D. D. Walter F. Penery, to Mary L. Leach, all of this city.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 4th inst. Mr. Christian R. Fans, to Miss Mary Price.

Died,

Suddenly, on the 1st inst. George W. youngest son of John J. and Susan Ninesteel, aged 4 years.

On the 30th ult. Susan Allen, aged 69 years.

On the 1st ult. on board the barque Ann Louisa, on the passage from Vera Cruz to New York, Margaretta, wife of Cipriano Canedo, of Guadalajara, Mexico, and daughter of Peter Keyser, of Germantown.

On the 30th ult. John Kern, aged 61 years.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Daniel Stief, son of John Stief, in the 72d year of his age.

On the 30th ult. in the 45th year of her age, Elizabeth, wife of Anthony Sinclair.

On the 1st inst. Wm. V. youngest son of Henry and Olivia F. Holmes, aged 11 months and 14 days.

At sea, on the 23d of March, 1841, of consumption, Isaac W. Wharton, second mate and carpenter of the bark California, aged 29 years and 14 days.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Weckerly, in the 72d year of her age.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. Maria Garrigues.

On the 7th inst. James Gallon, infant son of John and Margaret Gallon, aged 13 months.

On the 6th inst. after a long illness, Catharine Ann Davis, daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth Davis, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 4th inst. after a lingering and protracted illness, Mrs. Sarah Meredith, in the 42d year of her age.

On Thursday night, the 1st inst. Mr. Christian F. Inmendorffer, in the 49th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. Catharine Yunger, wife of Casper Yunger, in the 45th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. in the 27th year of his age, Mr. Peter White.

On the 1st inst. William, infant son of Wm. and Hannah Farrow, aged 10 months.

On the 1st inst. John, son of John and Catharine McAleer, aged 2 years, 5 months and 15 days.

On the 25th ult. at Sharon, Bucks county, in the 29th year of her age, Mary Elizabeth Ridgely, consort of the Rev. Greenbury W. Ridgeley, and only daughter of James Worth, formerly of this city.

On Sunday morning, 4th inst. at 10½ o'clock, Harriet Jackson, in the 19th year of her age, daughter of the late Wm. Jackson.

At the City Hotel, New Orleans, on the 23d ult. of congestive fever, Major Richard G. Dunlap, a native of Tennessee, and formerly Minister from Texas to the U. States, aged 45 years.

Suddenly, at Farmington, Connecticut, on Saturday, 26th ult. William R. Chamberlin, in the 25th year of his age, formerly of Flemington, N. J.

On the 2d inst. Sarah Campbell, aged 84 years.

On the 30th ult. John Campbell Harris, son of Dr. Wm. Harris, in the 18th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. at Frankford, Mr. Edward Ewing, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 6th inst. George Gamble, infant son of Warren and Ann Gamble, aged 16 months.

At his residence, Mr. Thomas Cunningham, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 5th inst. in the 29th year of his age, Jonathan Evans, of this city.

On the 5th inst. Ann Judson Gilbert, daughter of Henry and Caroline Gilbert, aged 3 years and 6 months.

At Bridgeton, N. J. on the 4th inst. Samuel Thompson, son of Samuel T. Bodine, of Kensington, Pa. aged 4 months.

At his residence near Williamstown, in Strasburg township, Lancaster county, on the 1st instant, the Hon. John Lightner, late Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of that county, aged 69 years.

At Shippensburg, Pa. on Monday morning, the 5th inst. Dr. A. D. Linn, in the 41st year of his age, formerly of this city.

On the 5th inst. after a short illness, in the 72d year of his age, with the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection, Cornelius Trimnel.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. O'Brien, widow, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 5th inst. of consumption, Alexander Brown, in the 57th year of his age, a native of Ackerdoe, near Colrain, Ireland.

On the 4th instant, after a short illness, Esther, wife of Benjamin Clark, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. Jane Fowler, wife of Charles Fowler, aged 21 years and 6 months.

At Tampico, Mexico, on the 5th of June, Stephen Fairfax Donaldson, of Fairfax county, Va. formerly Paymaster of the 14th Regt. U. S. Infantry.

On Monday afternoon, 5th inst. Mrs. Fanny H. wife of Mr. Aaron Levy, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with pious resignation.

On Thursday, 1st inst. Ellen Maria, daughter of Paul G. and Sarah M. Oliver, aged 2 months and 8 days.

On the 6th inst. at the residence of Mrs. D. H. Mundall, William Mundall, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 5th inst. at Burlington, N. J. Mrs. Rebecca Plensted, relict of the late Benjamin Hutton, of this city, aged 77 years.

At his residence, in Abington township, Montgomery county, on the 28th ult. very suddenly, John Kirk, aged about 60 years. Mr. K. was one of the most respectable citizens of that township, and was deservedly esteemed for his many excellent qualities, by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

HEARING AND EYE SIGHT RESTORED.
From an Ohio Paper.

MR. PRINTER—There is a man residing in Reading, Pennsylvania, who pursueth a new plan of giving help in those cases.

By taking his advice people will find themselves so easily getting well; so easily getting cured, that they 'll almost be at a loss to tell how.

They 'll almost be at a loss to know how their afflictions were overcome, and they restored to hearing and sight again.

And 'tis brought about without giving any medicine, without giving any physick—as (according to his practice and principles.)

MUCH OF THE ART
OF PHYSICK
CONSISTS
IN KNOWING WHEN
NOT TO GIVE IT.

No truth more valuable, and we have no doubt—but—that the giving of physick when it ought not to have been given, has been the ruin of 100's & 1000's of our fellow creatures, throughout the world.

Way-faring reader, the regaining of health and of such blessings to those who had the misfortune to lose them, can never be paid with gold or silver and worldly things.

Indeed, the recovery of such blessings is invaluable, and when people get their eye sight again, let them offer up prayer to God, and not to man. For, it is to Him that praise is due, and not to the physician.

The farmer giveth seed to the earth, but a kind Providence giveth harvest.

So, on similar principles, the physician giveth remedy to the sick, but that same kind Providence giveth health.

Let us be thankful.

A letter below will make known to applicants the nature of help, and that for a fee of five dollars, it is sent by mail free of postage. And if any additional help—any additional remedial help—should be wanted, 'twill be sent on without any further charge.

The fee is merely considered a recompense for the doctor's time and mental labor.

More he does not want.

And that which people get in return will be of more value to them than hundreds of such dollar fees, and as a corroboration of the above, we annex a letter from G. W. Ellis to Dr. Green.

Dear Friend—Some three years since I made application to you to restore my hearing and eye sight, and at the same time, for a friend of mine, Mr. Norton Chase, who was afflicted with a great degree of deafness. I mention these circumstances to bring the matter fresh to your mind. We received your remedy, followed the prescriptions, and were soon restored to the use of our ears and eyes, our general health, also improved in the mean time, by the excellent advice you gave us on the subject of health and long life.

A young man applied to me a few days since for information—he is afflicted with weak eyes—medical men here, in our parts of the world, tell him that the optic nerve is weak. I immediately referred him to you as the only man within the circle of my acquaintance, who could give relief in such cases, and he not conveniently able to write, I concluded to write myself, and at the same time enclose the customary five dollar fee, and request that which is necessary will be quickly sent on.

Be kind enough to send me one of your pamphlets on the subject of health, temperance, and long life.

Yours, in friendship,
G. W. ELLIS, P. M.

Granville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1838.
To Dr. Green, Reading, Pa. jl 10—1t*

DOES not common sense teach us that EXPECTORATION is the most natural as well as the most effectual agent in arresting and curing
PULMONARY DISEASES?
Reason says yes, because
OBSTRUCTION
is either immediately or remotely the cause of Inflammation and Catarrhal Fevers, producing Croup, Consumption, and Abscesses of the Lungs, Pain and Soreness of the Throat, Breast, Sides or Shoulders—Bronchitis, existing mucous and purulent secretions, thereby clogging up the lungs, so as to more or less impede both respiration and the free circulation of the blood, cause Difficulty of Breathing, and
ASTHMA,
Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Loss of Voice, Dropsy of the Heart and Chest, Rupture of Blood Vessels and Bleeding from Throat and Lungs and
SPITTING OF BLOOD.
To remove this obstruction, from which all these alarming and dangerous diseases originate, and to produce a natural cure, nothing has ever been found equal to JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

It stands unrivaled—it stands pre-eminent—over it, and you will be forced to acknowledge that its virtues have not been misrepresented; that it stands far above, and beyond the reach of competition; that it is the only preparation, the only natural, and the only truly successful method of arresting this curing disease of the Pulmonary Organs.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. Price $1.

N. B. No charge for medical advice.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

Song.

The lads—I wonder how they guess it,
I'm sure I never tell,
And if I love, I ne'er confess it—
How can they guess so well?
I'm sure 't was no I told my laddie—
I would not love—not I!
He says 't was yes, the saucy laddie!
He saw yes in my eye.

My mother says 'tis naughty—very!
For I am scarce fifteen;
I vowed, to please the dame so chary,
My love should ne'er be seen.
And still 't was no I told my laddie,
And still—I wonder why?
He kissed me—ah, the saucy laddie!
He saw love in my eye.

The little love, I bade him tarry,
Asleep, within my breast,
But when he heard my gentle Harry,
The rebel would not rest.
And while I thought the boy was sleeping—
Alack, he is so sly!
I found the rogue at Harry peeping,
Ay, peeping through my eye.

Wheeling. CATULLUS.

From the United States Gazette.

Mr. Chandler:—In your paper of Thursday, I noticed some specimens of an old versification of the Psalms of David. The author's name was not given, but I believe it to be Thomas Sutton, who among other services to the Dissenting church in the early part of the seventeenth century, versified the Psalms—it was not very well received, however, so that it soon fell into disuse. A small edition was first published in 1627, of which there are but two copies now known to be extant, one in the possession of Sir Sir John Buckstone an antiquary of Leeds, and the other in the Cottonian Library.—While in England, a few years since I visited that depository of ancient and modern lore, and had the permission of the worthy Librarian, to take copies of such things as might strike my fancy—my eye caught the above work as I was about leaving, and as my time was limited I had to content myself with transcribing the 133d psalm, which was as follows:

Beholde how goode,
Qwhen righly viewed,
Itte is for those who bee,
Relacionnes alle,
Bothe greate and smalle,
To dwell inne unitie.

For ine is lyke
Y precious spyke,
Kanne Aaronnes bearde ydowne;
Whilk bearde to skirte
Ev'n of his shirte,
Hadde wondrously ygrowne.

As Hermonnes dew
Descended lowe
On Zion gracious be.
For there Ye Lorde,
Lefte his goode worde,
Ev'n life whilk lasts for aye.

June 12, 1841. A LOVER OF ANCIENT POETRY.

Russia.

There is a great scarcity of able men in Russia; and with the degraded state of public education, and general corruption of morals that prevail there, it would be a subject for wonder were it otherwise. The ministries for foreign affairs, and the financial and police departments are in the hands of foreigners, as is also the army, where, from the semi-barbarous condition of the people, native talent should thrive. The especial favor shown to Germans commenced previous to the present reign, and was connected partly with an introduction of European reforms, and partly with an idea, on the part of the Czars, of self-preservation against their own subjects, which latter motive appears to have especially prevailed under the present reign. There has, however, existed all along a strong opposition to these Germans among the ancient Russian nobility, who from that circumstance are styled the *old Russian party*, both from jealousy of the advantages enjoyed by them, and from dislike to the peculiar interests of the foreign party, always opposed to those of the nation. The German party was in such very high favor during the reign of Alexander, that when General Yermoloff, a man of high military reputation, was asked by the Emperor what favor he would have bestowed upon him, the former in reply requested to be ranked as a German. It met with a check, however, during the Polish war, when General Diebitsch, a German, with a host of German generals, at the head of 200,000 men, was defeated in several battles by an inferior number of Poles.

Beautiful Sentiment.

Oh, humbly take what God bestows,
And like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

TO BE LET.—The following is a copy, verbatim, punctuatim, et literatim, as the classics have it, of a notice "To Let," posted up at one of the public houses in Cambridge. So great a literary curiosity, penned and published within sight of the walls of that ancient seat of learning, the classic Harvard, deserves a wider circulation: To Let Part of House in Auburn St near the Baptist Meetting house in Cambridgeport. Parlour Kitching with boiler and Oven, Sinque room with good water and Bedrooms below, and two chambers without Buildings May 1.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—At a public meeting in England, "the weather was warm, and there stood near me a little fat gentleman, who seemed much incommoded by the crowd. There came pressing behind him a tall raw-boned man, holding a memorandum in his hand. 'What do you mean, sir?' said the fat gentleman, 'by crowding and jostling in this manner?' 'Who are you, sir?' 'Sir, I'm one of the gentlemen connected with the press.' 'I thought so, by Jove!' was the ready reply, 'for you have nearly squeezed my ribs in!'"

OLD POETRY.—If the following lines, written by an ancient Governor of Connecticut, do not border on the beautiful, they at least partake of the sublime:

Abigail Lord, of her own accord
Went down to see her sister,
When Jason Lee, brisk as a flea,
Jumped right up and kiss'd her.

MEAN MEN.—Comparatively speaking, we admire a rascal to one of these two-legged animals, usually denominated, "*mean men*"—who have neither soul nor manly looks. If we were governor-general, every "tinker's son" of them should be colonized, and be obliged to subsist on each other's littleness for the remainder of their days.

SWEARING OUT OF IT.—A Hibernian was once taken to prison for stealing a gun. On hearing that a man who had stolen a goose, had got released because he procured a witness who swore that he possessed the bird when it was a gosling, Pat tried to get a fellow to swear that he had the gun ever since it was a pistol!

"WHEN YOU WRITE, PRAY PAY THE POST."—The following is copied from a country contemporary, who says his correspondents are in the habit of putting him in "*a fix*" with postage:
"*Notice.*—☞ No notice is taken of no letter on which no postage is not paid."

SATIRE.—Satire is almost always ill-humor well expressed. Satiric wit breaks up free, open conversation. People fear and hate it. A certain respect is due to every man's opinion and character, if respectable, and even to his weakness. The satiric wit heeds not these.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—"There is something to me," says Byron, "very softening in the presence of women; some strange influence, even if one is not in love with them. I always feel in better humor with myself and every thing else, if there is a woman within ken."

THE GREAT EMPEROR.—A stranger having entered the apartment where the Emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your great Emperor—what are you to him?" The Emperor replied, "I shave him."

LOVE.—There is a pithy little epigram in the Greek Anthology, on a statue of Cupid: its translation is to this effect:—
"Whoe'er thou art, thy master see—
He was, or is, or is to be."

A PETULANT OLD LADY having refused a suitor to her neice, he expostulated with her, and questioned her plainly to divulge her reasons. "I see the villain in your face," said she. "That is a *personal reflection*, madam," answered the lover.

A RAIN BOW.—"Ephraim," said Simon, "what does a young fellow look like, when gallanting his sweetheart through a shower?" "Why," said Ephraim, looking at his boots, "he has very much the appearance of a *rain beau*."

THE OLD LADY'S WHEEL.—"Ah, Jerry," said a good matron to her son—then the eminent Judge in a neighboring state—"ah Jerry, you need'nt despise the wheel, for I spun many a day to send you to college."

TRUE TO NATURE.—A sign painter says a cotemporary near our office has painted a raw beef steak so exquisitely, that the dogs wag their tails and look wistfully every time they pass the window.

RANK AND TALENT.—Many a man may justly thank his talent for his rank, but no man has ever yet been able to return the compliment by thanking his rank for his talent.

Letter from an Uncle.

On Tight Lacing.

Dear Mary:—You should have consulted me, before you put on corsets: I would have dissuaded you from it. However, your mentioning it the instant you supposed that I might not approve it, atones for the omission—unless indeed, your frame has already suffered most serious injury; as I fear it has. That extreme weakness when you sit or stand—that sinking of the spirits—that aversion to walking, or riding on horseback!—My dear child, I pray Heaven you may not have stored up for yourself an amount of unhappiness that you little suspect!

A very slight knowledge of the delicate and curiously wrought fabric in which the lungs play and the heart beats, is enough to show (I say not the dangerous or hurtful, but) the *fatal* effects of tight lacing; whether with, or without corsets. *Fatal*, to activity, to energy, to good spirits, to health, and ultimately to life.

You may see a picture of that fabric—the bones of the human trunk—in any cyclopedia, or book of anatomy; or in Combe's admirable Physiology.* See the spine, or back-bone; composed of twenty-four joints called *vertebræ*, all piled one upon another, and perforated from end to end by the spinal marrow—which is only an elongation, or off-shoot, of the brain. From the upper half of the spine, proceed twelve ribs on each side, curving forward and outward, till they approach within one, or two, or three inches, of the *sternum*, or breast-bone; when their bony substance ends, and they become mere gristles, seven of which are socketed or hinged into the breast-bone, as the ribs are into the spine. The breast-bone is long and flat—an inch or more broad—extending lengthwise about six or eight inches, from the throat to the pit of the stomach: and is held firm in its place chiefly by the rib-gristles above-mentioned, and by the collar bones, which come across from the shoulders and are fitted into its upper end. All these bones and gristles are very soft in childhood; but harden as we grow up, and are strongest at the age of thirty or forty. They, all together, form a spacious arched chamber or cavity, in which the heart, lungs, and innumerable arteries, veins, valves, and muscles, perform their important offices: contracting, dilating; inhaling fresh air with one set of cells, using part of it to purify the venous blood, and then exhaling the rest through another set; receiving from the veins blood which has gone its round,—cleansing it with wonderful art in a few moments, and sending it on again by the arteries to meander through, and renovate continually every part of the frame. At every breath the lungs dilate and contract—at every breath the heart receives a tide of blood into one of its divisions, and pours out an equal tide from another; propelling it with a force equal to forty or fifty pounds weight. For all these delicate and momentous operations, the chamber which Nature has provided is exactly of the proper size; not a hair's-breadth too small, or a hair's-breadth too large. Nay, it is large enough, and the vital movements can be performed, only by certain motions of the bones which compose it. The ribs *hinge* into the spine, and the gristles and collar bones hinge into the sternum; there are joints also where the ribs and gristles unite. By means of these hinges and joints, the bones and gristles incessantly play in and out, or up and down, at each movement of the lungs; and to their healthful movement, the *freedom* of that play is indispensible.

Now a corset, or tight lacing of any kind, fetters the free play of those bones; destroys all the advantage of the joints and hinges which nature has provided; and thus lessens the room in which the lungs and heart move—besides depriving them of the aid, the impulse they derive from the motion of the bones and muscles. But all this is not half the mischief. The ribs, especially at the joints or hinges, being soft in young people,—and the gristles much softer—are compressed by the lacing, so as to approach nearer and nearer to the breast-bone in front; sometimes they lap over it, and meet each other: nay, there are instances of tight lacing, where the ribs have not only passed the *sternum* and met, but have over-lapped each other! Far short of that extreme, however, fatal effects may be expected. Quite a moderate degree of lacing suffices to bring the points of the ribs several inches forward, and to press the sternum inwards: narrowing, just so much, that chamber which was at first *not a hair's-breadth too large* for the lungs and heart to work in—besides stopping the auxiliary motion of the bones themselves. The consequences need not be detailed. That the lungs, thus cribbed, and forced to beat in vain against the contracted walls of their prison, should be inflamed and diseased; that the breathing should become short and difficult; that the heart should be subject to unnatural palpitations, and no longer drive the blood with regular and healthful vigor along the arteries; that youth's joyous and active sports must be prematurely abandoned; and that life itself, perhaps after years of suffering, should retire from its beleaguered and oppressed citadel; can excite no wonder.

One fact will show, most strikingly, the horrible violence done to Nature by tight lacing. The fabric I have described,—composed of the spine, the sternum, the ribs, and their gristles—is naturally cone-shaped; smallest at top, and broadest at bottom, where the diaphragm separates it from the stomach, &c. Now, by lacing, the lower ribs are so compressed—their greater portions being gristle—that the lowest part of the cone is made the smallest! And that it is, which makes those foolishly admired waists, *tapering downwards*. Let every man, who does not wish to marry consumption, carditis, angina pectoris, or dyspepsia,—beware of that taper waist!

When (as it always is) the lacing is carried below the diaphragm,† injury little less fatal, results. Then, softer and more compressible parts are affected—various muscles, the stomach, and other viscera. I leave you to infer the inevitable mischief to these, from reducing them, by force, to half the volume which the all-wise Creator has given. Thus cramped and fettered, it is impossible that their nice and complicated functions can be well performed: and accordingly, in all my practice, I have met with no cases of inflamed stomach, disordered digestion, and dispepsia in all its forms, half so malignant, as those which sprung from tight lacing. Not only corsets and tight lacing, but *tight dressing* of any kind, should be avoided; so far as the trunk is concerned. The organs of life should have free and fair play.

After having worn corsets for some time, the victim finds herself excessively weak on taking them off; walking, standing, or sitting up is irksome to her; a reclining posture alone is easy. This is because the muscles—those massive cords or bands of lean‡ flesh—which traverse the back and sides, and support the spine by nature, have lost their power, through disuse. The corset has relieved them of their duty and left them idle, till they have become relaxed and feeble—nay, have shrunk to half size; for muscles, and all the bodily organs, are strengthened by exercise and enfeebled by the want of it; like the memory. Take away the corset, therefore, and the spinal column totters for lack of support.

This debility must be fought against. The corset must be left off for several hours every day, and for a longer and longer time daily. While it is off, the whole body must be rubbed briskly, and as hard as can well be endured, for 15 or 20 minutes at a time, with a coarse towel, or flesh-brush; and the patient must ride on horseback, or walk, till somewhat fatigued—keeping as erect as possible. One or more companions ought to cheer these walks and rides, with lively conversation. The rubbing should be done by the patient as far as practicable: and then by a servant or friend. When the corset is put on again, it should be made no tighter than is absolutely necessary to support the frame: and the degree of tightness should be lessened every day—as it may readily be, while the muscles regain their strength. After dry-rubbing for some days, it may be well to apply some cold water with a sponge or the hand, and then rub dry with the coarse towel.

This plan pursued for a few months—perhaps even for six weeks—will cause the wasted muscles to swell and strengthen, so that the corset may be laid aside altogether: as it should be, the moment it can be spared—Laid aside, never, *never* to be resumed, unless an anti-tight-lacing physician should deliberately prescribe it. For all doctors are not to be trusted on this subject, any more than upon the question of total abstinence from ardent spirits. Some have their predilections for strong drink: these advise its use, and thus multiply drunkards. Some are prejudiced in favor of corsets; and thus lay many a poor girl in her grave, after a rickety and painful life of burdensome years.

Your loving uncle G. T.

*Combe on Health—in Harper's Family Library.
† The diaphragm is a strong membrane, stretching somewhat horizontally across the hollow of the trunk, just below the lungs and heart; dividing the chest, or *thorax*, from the *abdomen*, or lower cavity, in which are the stomach, &c.
‡ It may not be generally known, that *muscle* is nothing more or less than *lean flesh*. Toward the joints, this hardens and shrinks into *tendon*.

Borrowing.

We have received a letter, says the Boston Post, from a correspondent, in which he speaks in strong terms of reprobation of borrowing in general, and book borrowing in particular. He talks like a man who has suffered some. He says he lived at one time on the banks of the Mississippi, and gives the following as a specimen of the extent to which the practice is carried:

"Will you lend me your axe? You wont want to use it, I reckon."

"Why, I'll let you take it, seeing' you want it."

In about two months the owner *does* want to use his axe, and applies to the borrower of it, but *he* does not get it: "the last he seed on't Mr. Fletcher had it to cut some roots with."

The poor owner then goes to Mr. Fletcher.

"Stranger, have you seen my axe? I lent it to Mr. Bent t'other day."

"Why, yes, I reckon Mr. Bower's got it. He said he wanted to chop some firewood, so I lent it to him. "You'd best ask him for it."

He goes. "Mornin," Mr. Bower—how's your wife.

"Lively, I reckon—how's yourn?"

"About right, I reckon—have you had hold o' my axe?"

"I reckon I have. I have smashed the handle—it was a powerful weak one—but you can mend it; and when you've done with it, I'd like to borrow it again, 'cause I have a smart chance of wood to cut, and want to use it 'specially."

Sunday in the Country.

The annexed description of a Sunday in the country, we take from one of a series of papers in the Knickerbocker Magazine, entitled "Sketches in the Country." We infer them to be from the pen of Miss Sedgwick, from the strong resemblance which the last number bears to "Our Burial Place," written by her some time since, for the same pages. We need not ask the reader to admire with us the winning simplicity of the style, and the Daguerreotype faithfulness of the picture.

* * "The calm, basking sunshine had laid on the green landscape with such richness and beauty on Saturday evening, that one could not distrust the pledge for a glorious morrow; and I had risen early, early even for the country, to enjoy the morning. It was, indeed, one of peculiar beauty. There was not a cloud to be seen in the heavens. The sun was not yet up, but his brightness came before him over the mountains, as if waking them from their slumbers. All was still, as one loves it to be on a Sabbath morning, save the sweet orisons of the red-breast and oriole, going up to Him who "feedeth the birds," and the sound of a distant waterfall breaking clear upon the ear. I stood upon a little eminence, which overlooked the country a few miles around. The sun had not risen. The earth looked beautiful and new as at the creation, and lo! sunward a hundred peaks were glowing in gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of a world. Over the whole landscape there is a stillness, showing that man rests from his labors, and every thing rests with him. The sturdy ox, which had toiled at the plough, or dragged along the weary load, through the successive week days is grazing quietly on the sunny slopes; the cows are sluggishly moving toward the pastures; the milkmaid suppresses her song as she bears the plentiful store from the farm-yard; and the very herd-boy looks cautiously far up and down the lane, before he ventures the stone, twice aimed, at the unoffending chip-muck.

'All look as if they knew the day and hour,
And felt with man the need and joy of thanks.'

"The breakfast is partaken in quietness; the Sunday morning breakfast, of rich brown mush; the tables are cleared and set away; and the household are assembled around the family altar, while from the 'big ha' Bible,' the father 'wales a portion with judicious care,' and leads in the devotions. After prayers, each betakes himself to preparations for church. The children are made ready in well-brushed Sunday clothes, with clean faces and smooth hair, and seated to their lessons for the Sunday school. So still is every duty performed, that the tick of the tall clock is audible through the house, and the sense of religious awe seems to live in the very atmosphere.

"As we took our way to the church, the same stillness covered the whole face of nature, broken only by the hum of the honey-bees, gathering sweets from the way-side flowers, or the cawing of the crows from the distant fields. Neatly dressed people were moving in groups toward the sanctuary; the bright-eyed girl and her mother; young men, children, and the grey-headed, with a sobriety and decorum in unison with the solemnity of the day. The church was a neat white building, standing just out of the deep mountain forest, and overlooking a wide country of water and land, many miles around. It had no bell, no steeple, no organ; nothing but the four unadorned walls, the simple pews, and the high massive pulpit, where the rich man found no incitements to his pride, nor the poor man temptations to his envy. Every thing was in keeping—the people with the house, the pastor with his people. There was not only a sincerity and solemnity, but also a congruity about the whole, which I have often felt the want of in more splendid sanctuaries.

"Notwithstanding the change which increasing years bring over our affections, I can never visit the church to which I was wont to go in my childhood, without deep emotion. The place, the occasion, the old form of worship, carry one insensibly back to former days, and make us forget for a time the interval which has elapsed. The changes which have taken place affect the mind with sadness. That is the same scene from the window on which I used to gaze during the service; this is the same pulpit; these are the same quaint, old-fashioned pews. But where are the inmates? How few, very few of them remain! The scythe of Time has made dreadful havoc. The old have passed away like a tale that is told; the mature, such as remain of them, are gray-headed, and bending under the weight of years. Boys are transformed into the thoughtful fathers of families, and jocund thoughtlessness has given place to the furrowing lines of care. Around me is a generation which, mushroom-like, has sprung up in my absence; and more than once I mistook the children for their parents, pictured in my remembrance as if they had been destined never to grow old.

"Our good pastor, whose gray head and kindly greeting have so associated old age in my mind with benevolence of heart, that I can never yet separate them, is not here. How well I remember his grave deportment, his calm and deliberate air, and his venerable presence, which inspired an awe I have never since felt in the presence of any man. He has gone years since, to receive the reward of those who turn many to righteousness."

"Our country doctor, too, with his red, round face, and small grey eyes, is gone. He sat in the pew yonder, just below the pulpit; and it requires no great stretch of fancy, to see his queued and powdered head peering above the railing, or to mark his grand and self-complacent air, which, however, offended no man's self-love, as with cocked hat and top boots—for he always affected the old style of dress—he followed the minister out of church. He was a man of great excentricity of character, and had he fallen in the way of Charles Matthews, it would have made the comedian's fortune. During his professional studies, the doctor had been a pupil of the celebrated Warren, whose name is so intimately associated with American history, by his lamented death at the battle-for Bunker's Hill; and in his eyes, Doctor Warren was the greatest man the world ever produced. If you differed from him in opinion, no matter what the subject might be, he would at once stare you in the face, draw his long queue through his hand, and close upon you with the unanswerable argument, 'Sir, the immortal Doctor Warren thought so!' After this there was no more to be said; for Doctor Warren was the oracle, whose authority admitted neither of doubt nor appeal. He had great vivacity and fund of anecdote, was well read in his profession, and had a strong fondness for antiquarian research. His office was a perfect Noah's ark, hung with old paintings, and stuffed full of all sorts of curious things. Alas! that kind heart and busy head are now resting in the quiet grave!"

A Page of Life.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

Roll back the scroll!—What record would'st thou hide?
What's this I see?
'Tis of a bright-haired child that grew beside
Its mother's knee.

Of childhood's tears by childhood's joys effaced,
Like summer rain—
Of pleasures through youth's short bright morning chased,
And chased in vain.

Of hopes, that like the *ignis-fatuus* mock
The extended hand—
A heart that deemed its resting-place a rock,
But found it sand.

A cup, that seemed to the o'erwearied brain,
Outpoured to bless—
Doomed to the very dregs, in woe, to drain
Its bitterness.

Flames of a lonely heart, in secret made,
And rising wert high,
Whispering the chastened one to seek for aid
In hope on high.

And, as I read, fair precept here I learn,
With teaching rife—
Take back the scroll!—I may no longer turn
The leaf of life.

True, that with many a darkened line inwrought
The page hath been,
Yet oh! the kindly lesson it hath taught
Is writ within.

Light.

Light is the great agent of life and beauty. Without it, vegetable and animal life would become extinct. The light is their life. Without its controlling and vivifying agency, the world would be

"Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos."

Light is also the great colorific principle. Objects have not inherent color, but are colored according to the kind of light which they reflect. Light consists of seven primary colors. This is demonstrated by analysis. And these seven colors, either separately or in various combination, give nature her diversity of tinge, and shade, and hue. And there is an endless variety of color—of the light and the deep, the gay and the gloomy, the bright and the dull, the soft and the glaring. And this is a rich and extended field of pleasure. The eye is delighted while it beholds objects, great and novel, and beautiful, and the vision diffuses a pleasure through all the mind. But—to change one word in the poet's line—

"'Tis color lends enchantment to the scene."

A colorless landscape would be a dreary scene; but mantled in the rich drapery and many colored dress of the light, it becomes enchanting. And the fair reader will remember, as she lingers in the flower-garden, attracted by the beauty and delicacy of the violet, the lily, and the rose, that *light* is the wardrobe from which Flora has brought their dress. And you have often wandered in the flowery mead at dewy morn, when first the sun pours his pure light upon the world—when the dew-drops sparkle with diamond lustre and the rainbow hue, and the flowers revive, all blushing and gay. You have gazed, enchanted, upon the far off hill-top and the distant groves, fresh-robed in the glowing morning. And at evening time, when the sun sinks low and the shadows lengthen upon the lawn, you have lingered and looked, with delighted eye, and raptured heart, upon the closing scenes of day. You have gazed, enchanted, when the sun, with reflective, and refractive beam, throws his bright bow upon the passing cloud, circling and adorning our heaven with all its radience and glow.

From the New York Mirror.

The Rural Sabbath.

Hail hallowed day of universal rest!
By heaven ordain'd in mercy to mankind;
The body's nurse by six days' care oppress'd;
Thy soothing influence comes to calm the mind.
Labor in thee doth intermission find;
Sobriety and peace succeed to folly;
Man's soften'd heart to charity inclined;
All nature calls alike to proud and lowly,
"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

When pride and luxury for aye hath dwelt
In the gay city's busy, senseless throng,
Ev'n there the Sabbath's influence is felt,
'Midst cares and carelessness, and sighs and song.
A week of toil, laborious and long,
Is pass'd, and nature's holiday began;
All now is still the vacant streets among,
Till solemn bells call all to pray who can,
And heaven vouchsafes sweet intercourse with sinful man.

But lovelier far the tranquil Sabbath morning
Benignant smiles on some sequester'd spot,
With radiance mild the village spire adorning
The pleasant farm-house and the laborer's cot.
The sweat of toil, man's universal lot,
Primeval curse, on this blest day suspended
The plough in the neglected furrow lies forgot,
Six tedious, weary, working days are ended,
And man, and beast, and all things rest, as God intended.

The patient ox, from cumbrous yoke set free,
Eager the general respite to partake,
Now seeks the shade of some wide-spreading tree,
Or laves his huge limbs in the cooling lake.
The anvil now no echo doth awake,
Hush'd is th' accustom'd clamor of the mill;
The crafty pedlar too, forced to forsake
His trade itinerant against his will,
Closes his pack, but thinks on gains prospective still.

Now cheerful peals from yonder modest spire,
To prayer and praise invites the willing throng;
And old and young, in decent, clean attire,
In scatter'd groups move soberly along;
And greetings kind and friendly chat prolong
Their walk—whilst sometimes, lingering far apart,
The timid maid, who doubts if love be wrong,
By half-consenting blush doth joy impart
To the fond swain who tenders her a faithful heart.

Ascending now with bounding steps the aisle,
The Sunday-school pours in its swelling tide,
And merit's token wins th' approving smile
Benignant plan, the youthful steps to guide,
Religion's offspring and the patriot's pride!
Anon is heard the solemn anthem's sound,
By self-instructed choristers supplied;
Notes more refined, not more devout, are found
Where Hodge's glorious strains from vaulted roof rebound.

Now when the solemn pray'r to heaven ascends,
And seems to meet devout response from all,
When eloquence to truth persuasion lends,
And fervancy enforces virtue's call,
The pastor's words on ears attentive fall.
Perchance some village Wainwright leads the mind
To pious deeds and thoughts devotional
By arts persuasive, eloquent and kind—
For oft in scenes like this such holy men we find.

The service o'er, and many a parting word
Exchanged, and many a neighborly farewell,
The farmer seeks his home and well-spread board,
Where plenty, temperately enjoyed, doth well,
And grateful hearts in honest bosoms swell;
And then with conscious pride his steps may stray
Where well-till'd fields of promised harvests tell,
And well-earn'd thrift—and thus doth pass away,
Brightly as it began, a rural Sabbath-day.

Stimulants of Literature.

In Spain, the church, in England, Protestantism, and in France, the wars of religion were the principal stimulants of literature. It is remarkable how little the grand results of maritime discovery affected works of imagination, at the time they excited throughout Western Europe the most lively and personal interest. Perhaps they were too distant, too vague, or too gorgeous for representation: the actors were lost in the magnitude of the events; the events scattered over an illimitable scene; and the scene itself unattached to any of those moral sympathies that rendered the wars with the infidels, and the triumphs of the church the perpetual themes of heroic song. The most truly epic of Christian poets, Camoens, is indebted for the reputation and success of his poem, less to his excursions into the "gorgeous East," than to the art with which he has inwoven among them his own personal experience, and the historical glories of his native land. In the poetry of our own times, the subjective being of the poet has become a legitimate and frequent argument of song; but in the seventeenth century, when poetry was much more a representative art than the utterance of individual feelings, it was required of the poet to work up in new combinations the objective materials he inherited, either from medieval myths or from ethnic art, and to make his work a continuous reflection of the forms of his great predecessors. Hence lyric poetry bore for so many ages the impress of Petrarch, and the epos that of Virgil and Ariosto. At two very different stages of modern art, Tasso and Milton, as the representatives of the opposite hemispheres of Christian poetry, selected from every region of literature whatever was most perfect or most capable of elaboration, and imaged forth in ample and regular forms, the one the mystic and sensuous temperament of the South, the other the masculine and imaginative genius of the Teutonic mind. A like harmony exists between Calderon and Shakspeare, with a similar difference in its mode of operation. The one with the devout feelings of a recluse, whose meditations and whose dreams derive their form and color from the presence of his tutelar saint, and who, in his daily communings and in the watches of the night, drinks in perpetual inspiration from what to other eyes is but the rude or feeble work of the limner, bent down before the loveliness of art, with the glad and docile faith of a disciple. Hence, in his purely imaginative works—the fertility of his fancy in his comedies of intrigue is more the national than the personal characteristic of the poet—Calderon is the passive recipient of the beautiful, rather than, like Shakspeare or Goethe, the creative artist, who beholds from the beginning the perfect form of his work, and surveys it when finished no longer as a portion of his own being, but of the objective world around him. To equal susceptibility, and, when the occasion warranted, with the same resignation of themselves, the Teutonic poets assert their creative privilege, and compel the protean spirit of beauty to acknowledge the higher energy of the will and the reason.

Tasso's Jerusalem.

It is easy to censure the faults of this admirable poem. The supernatural machinery is perhaps somewhat in excess, yet this had been characteristic of the romantic school of poetry, which had moulded the taste of Europe, and is seldom displeasing to the reader. A still more unequivocal blemish is the disproportionate influence of love upon the heroic crusaders, giving a tinge of effeminacy to the whole poem, and exciting something like contempt in the austere critics, who have no standard of excellence in epic song but what the ancients have erected for us. But while we must acknowledge that Tasso has indulged too far the inspirations of his own temperament, it may be candid to ask ourselves whether a subject so grave, and by necessity so full of carnage, did not require many of the softer touches which he has given it? His battles are as spirited and picturesque as those of Ariosto, and perhaps more so than those of Virgil; but to the taste of our times he has a little too much of promiscuous slaughter. The Iliad had here set an unfortunate precedent, which epic poets thought themselves bound to copy. If Erminia and Armida had not been introduced, the classical critic might have censured less in the "Jerusalem;" but it might have been far less also the delight of mankind.

Whatever may be the laws of criticism, every poet will best obey the dictates of his own genius. The skill and imagination of Tasso made him equal to descriptions of war; but his heart was formed for that sort of pensive voluptuousness which most distinguishes his poetry, and which is very unlike the coarser sensuality of Ariosto. He lingers around the gardens of Armida as though he had himself been her thrall. The Florentine critics vehemently attacked her final reconciliation with Rinaldo in the twentieth canto, and the renewal of their loves; for the reader is left with no other expectation. Nor was their censure unjust, since it is a sacrifice of what should be the predominant sentiment in the conclusion of the poem. But Tasso seems to have become fond of Armida, and could not endure to leave in sorrow and despair the creature of his ethereal fancy, whom he had made so fair and so winning. It is probable that the majority of readers are pleased with this passage, but it can never escape the condemnation of severe judges.

Tasso, doubtless, bears a considerable resemblance to Virgil. But independently of the vast advantages which the Latin language possesses in majesty and vigor, and which render exact comparison difficult as well as unfair, it may be said that Virgil displays more justness of taste, a more extensive observation, and, if we may speak thus in the absence of so much poetry which he might have imitated, a more genuine originality.

Tricks of Politicians.

The absurdities of political life have been very often satirized, but never more happily than by an ex-member of Congress in Michigan. In relating the story of his rise and fall, he says: "I'll tell you how I secured my election in this district, several years ago. When I was nominated, the party to which I belonged was in the minority, and there was no hope of succeeding unless something more than ordinary was resorted to. After reflecting some time I came to the conclusion to *steal a hog* from one of my neighbors, which I did; and in the morning the neighbor traced me to my dwelling, and ascertained beyond a doubt that I was the thief, and published me as such, when I immediately appealed to the sympathies of the people, and asked them if they thought I would steal a *hog*! They swallowed the bait—said it was persecution on the part of the neighbor, who was politically opposed to me—and the consequence was, I was triumphantly elected. But the next time I was a candidate for the same office a Yankee from Vermont was the opposing candidate, who having learned my secret, *stole a sheep, and run me sky high!*"

Sudden changes from Heat to Cold.

It is generally supposed that all sudden vicissitudes from heat to cold, are injurious, by suppressing the perspiration; but in opposition to this popular opinion, the fact that great and rapid transitions, as from vapor baths to rolling in the snow, are constantly made in some countries with impunity, and even with advantage to the health, is brought forward. The Roman youth, in the heat of their exercise in the Campus Martius, frequently plunged into the Tiber, not only with impunity, but deriving from it a high enjoyment. The Russians remain in baths heated from 100½ deg. to 116 deg. of Fahr., and then, after rolling naked in the snow, return to the bath. Dr. Fordyce and Sir Charles Blagden, in their experiments on this subject, passed from a room, heated to upward of 200 degs. naked, to the cold air, without being injured in the slightest degree by the sudden change of temperature.

It was reserved for Dr. Currie to dispel the popular fallacy on this subject. His views are rational, philosophical and practical. The general truth connected with all sudden transitions from a high to a low temperature appears to be, that from whatever cause the heat of the body is increased, in proportion to this increase (provided no local disease has occurred, and the body is not already in a state in which it is rapidly parting with its heat), is the safety with which cold may be applied. The numerous apparent exceptions, upon which the popular opinion is grounded, will be found not to invalidate the principle, if the circumstances be minutely examined; for it will then be ascertained that the injuries, which persons have suffered from the application of cold under the circumstances in question, did not arise from its agency on them *when hot*, but *when cooling, after having been heated*; when a profuse general perspiration was rapidly carrying off the heat, or when fatigue had exhausted the vigor of the system, and the power of cooling heat; and that, on the contrary, where the sensation of heat was great and steady, the heat itself retained, or kept up by exertion, and the living power not debilitated by fatigue, the application of cold was safe and salutary.

It must be evident, from the previous statement, that cold may safely be applied to the body when heated, provided the temperature be kept up by exertion, and when the power of generating animal heat remains in the constitution. The popular practice of waiting till a degree of coolness has taken place before quitting a hot room, or before going into a cold bath, is dangerous in the extreme. It is questionable whether any person ever received an injury from cold, after leaving a heated assembly, if he left while he continued warm, and either by exercise in the air, or by a warm covering, kept up that warmth in some degree until he arrived at home. On the same principle, delicate and infirm persons, before going into a cold bath, are recommended to use such a degree of exercise before immersion as may produce some increase of heat, and thus secure a degree of reaction under the shock.

Men of Homer.

I cannot dwell upon his characters; still it is by studying them in their contrasts that we obtain the clearest view of Homer's philosophy. The bolder characters, to a certain point, all comprehend; but the nicer shades demand a more accurate, continuous discriminating observation. And these shades occur with infinite variety in the actors of Homer. His men are all fearless, valiant and rude; but this general resemblance, the result of epoch, does not destroy the relief of each physiognomy. Ulysses, for example, has a character perfectly distinct. He has the courage of a heroic person, with a cunning peculiar to himself; in connection with noble sentiments, he exhibits a *finesse* which belongs to a demibarbarous society where skill is confounded with trick. Bold and provident, knowing how to act and how to wait, he is an orator, withal, but an orator with art, insinuation, subtility, with a design to move that is readily discerned. There is so much reality in the character of Ulysses that he has been regarded as the type of his nation.

The sombre, anxious and irresolute character of Agamemnon, the wisdom,—somewhat too garrulous,—of Nestor, the modesty and valor—chivalrous, we may call it—of Diomede, the rough and coarse impetuosity of Ajax form a group which is diversified by an unquestionable delicacy of coloring. And if these minute shades, preserved to the end, do not indicate a reflective art, if a variety, so obviously intentional, in connection with a unity so clearly marked, do not demonstrate the presence of one genius, conceiving, foreseeing and arranging the whole and all the parts of this grand poem, what is art, reflection, genius? Here we apprehend in these shades, these delicacies, this perpetual harmony between the principal and subordinate events, is the refutation of those German scholars, who suppose that the Iliad and Odyssey are only shreds sewed together, inspirations of different minds, collected, amended and quickened by a common life, an equal warmth and a uniform dignity,—by whom? By editors, critics, grammarians, at different dates and different revisions! Homer undoubtedly was assisted by the poetry of the older bards, but, as the Laocoon could not have been wrought by different artists, unknown to each other,—one providing, at random, a leg, another a trunk, another an arm or a head,—so that groups of Homer must have sprung from a single mind, for all the movements, attitudes, countenances of the figures are consistent; one ligament binds them to the unity of the drama, one genius rules them, just as the serpent of Virgil's Laocoon, enfolding and ruling his victims.

Sonnet.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

"My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of those that weep."—*Job* 30: 31.

Once did this heart exult at coming spring,
My sunny smiles were bright as April skies!
Or if tears ever overflowed my eyes,
They passed as showers, which April clouds do bring.
And quick again my joyous soul took wing;
As when the bird from out its covert flies,
To welcome sunshine back with carolling
New plumes its pinions, higher yet to rise.
But now, alas! I'm like the *wounded* bird!
An arrow in this bosom pierces deep—
My spirit droops—my song no more is heard
My harp to mourning turned, is only stirred
As with the plaintive tones of those that weep,
And I am sad, while Spring her festival doth keep.

Temperature of Climates.

The climate of a country is mainly dependent on its temperature. The mildness of the European climate, contrasted with that of Asia and America, is very marked; this circumstance is said to arise from the general prevalence of westerly winds, which are elevated in temperature in consequence of passing over a mass of water, which even in the month of January, under the mean parallels of 45 or 50 degrees, does not fall below 48° and 52° of Fahr. The northern boundaries of Asia and America extend to the winter limit of the Polar ice. Unobstructed by any chain of mountains, the north winds blow with unmitigated fury over icy plains, extending northward to the pole, and eastward to the point of maximum cold, which according to Humboldt and others, is situated near the meridian of Behring's Straits. The refrigerating effects of these winds, says Dr. Copeland, are not counterbalanced by burning deserts on the southern side of these continents; or, as respects Asia, by any great extent of land flood below the equator; consequently the Asiatic countries situate in the temperate zone, more especially, are not warmed by ascending currents of heated air, such as those which arise from the deserts of Africa, and are so beneficial to Europe. The position of the great mountain chains of Asia, and the elevation of the country, also contribute to diminish the temperature, they presenting a barrier to the warm winds from the equatorial regions. Elevated places and groups of lofty mountains accumulate, and preserve the snow till late in the summer, and give rise to descending currents of air, which cool the circumjacent countries. Asia, morever, in the whole extent of Europe, has no sea on its western side; consequently the west, or predominating winds, are for the greater part of this quarter land winds, and their severity is increased by the great enlargement of the land toward the north. These circumstances occasion remarkable differences in the climates of Asia and the western countries of Europe.

Tasso.

Ginguene observes, that the lives of epic poets especially have been for the most part unfortunate; nor has posterity always made amends for the caprice or the calamity they endured. The history of Camoens, although one of action rather than retirement, out of his own country is comparatively unknown; yet his great poem, and his numerous lyrical works acquire a new interest when we are able to view in them the records of experience, of misfortunes and of hope. And who does not derive fresh pleasure from the story of the "Captive" in Don Quixotte, or even from the strange and intricate drama, the "Trato de Argel," when he becomes aware that they contain portions of the adventures of Cervantes himself. The life of Tasso—one of the most interesting and affecting stories in literary biography—is more generally known; yet we question if any but professed students of Italian literature are acquainted with the many beautiful reminiscences of sentiment and of suffering, of hope deferred or renewed, which are scattered profusely through his lyrical works, or how intimately the biography of the poet is interwoven with the composition, the appearance and the reception of the "Jerusalem." The earthly lot of Camoens was equally unfortunate, but it was not clouded with the mental disease of his Italian contemporary.—The melancholy and irritable temperament of Tasso bears some analogy to the spiritual depression of Cowper. He had not indeed the occasional flow of gay and buoyant feeling, nor is there any trace of his possessing that sense of the humorous in connection with imaginative powers and morbid melancholy, which made the latter poet's case so remarkable. But in their religious terrors, in the predominance of the fancy over the understanding, converting its irregular notions and desires into the bodily presence and the audible suggestions of a tempter, in their early religious impressions, in their common disappointment, there is often a singular resemblance.

Ladies Department.

The Daughter.

The following is a portion of a Lecture delivered by the Rev. Mr. Burnap, in Baltimore. It shows the necessity of society for woman, the early indication of her mission, and treats of her in the character of daughter.

And here let me say a word to those parents who, from a dread of the evils of society, imagine that their daughters will be more safe from being kept in entire seclusion, that their sentiments will be more correct, and their judgments more unperverted. Nothing can be more mistaken. No part of education is more important to the youth of the more secluded society of the other of her own age. It is by this association alone that she acquires that insight into character, which is almost her only defence. For this perception of character she has a greater aptitude than the other sex. It seems to be provided to compensate her for her want of opportunity to mingle largely with the world. She is wronged instead of benefitted then, by being shut up from society at that period of life when her peculiar talent may be most advantageously cultivated. Who is the best merchant? He who has the best knowledge of the particular merchandise in which he deals. There is no way to become a merchant except by perpetual examination and comparison of the things to be bought and sold. Theoretical knowledge may do some good, reading may serve to prepare the mind to observe, but there is no substitute for experience. Just so, if man or woman would know the world, I mean in the sense of becoming truly wise, not cunning and calculating and selfish, there is no other way but to mingle with the world. And no being is more utterly helpless than a woman thrown into the world without any knowledge of it. Without this she is in perpetual danger of becoming the victim of her susceptible imagination, and her generous impulses. There is quite as much danger therefore in secluding young women from society, as permitting them to become absorbed in it, and lost to every thing else.

Besides the knowledge which is acquired by the early association of the sexes, the mutual reverence and desire to please, which is implanted in the bosom of each, becomes the school of discipline for the moral sentiments of both. The strong desire to appear in the eyes of the other sex all that their common moral sentiments demand in order to be an object of esteem, renders it impossible that they should not desire to be in reality all that they would wish to appear.—They are likely to come to the conclusion that hypocrisy costs more than actual goodness, and so are constrained to strive after that perfection which alone can come up to the ideal they see mirrored in the moral nature of those they most wish to please.

There is moreover a sentiment of the sexes towards each other, independent of the marriage tie, common to those who enter into it and those who never do, which perhaps cannot be defined or described in words, but which constitutes the greatest charm of this life. It imparts a roseate flush to the otherwise pale and sickly hue of this world. It gives a zest to what would otherwise be tasteless. The value we set upon things cannot be weighed in balances, nor told by measure, nor reckoned by money. The sentiments of the human heart know nothing of price. They are infinite and immeasurable.—They spurn all calculation, for they are boundless and unfathomable. And do what you will, the sentiments are man's supreme law. To man the world and all there is in it is valuable, is beautiful, is worth living for, only because it is enriched by the presence of woman, and to woman this world would be utterly tasteless did she not share the dignity, the enterprise, the intrinsic nobleness that she conceives to reside in man.

Sentiment is omnipotent in the human heart. What is the spring and motive of all enterprise in the heart of man? What sends his ships into every sea, his commerce into all lands? What clears the forest, and raises the comfortable home, or builds the lofty palace? Enter into the secret chambers of his imagery and you will find the divinity, upon whose altars all this is to be offered up, is woman. Unshared by her all would be vain and profitless. And why do we see woman from the first so careful of her person, so studious of ornament, so diligent to make up by her untiring industry her want of strength to help forward the more difficult labors in which man engages? Search the recesses of her consciousness, and you would find the ever present idea, that she was made to be the helpmate, the delight, and the comforter of man. These sentiments are divine, sacred and unchangeable. Nothing, even the most false and vicious state of society, can altogether pervert them.

The mission of woman is foreshown almost in the cradle; and it is a mission of humanity, gentleness, tenderness, generosity, love.

The mother soon finds the being, whom she first knew only as a plaything, as something to nurse and to love, grown up to be a companion, a counsellor, an aid in her cares and toils. The father finds not only affection, but society at home. The father and the daughter is a picture, which has been often drawn by art, and described in poetry, but it has never been bodied forth in all the richness with which it paints itself upon the imagination. Their society, their interchange of duty and affection, is not only most beautiful to behold, but it is happy and sanctifying to them both. I doubt not the moral influence which it exerts is above all estimate. How is it possible that the father can wander from the paths of goodness, who has daughters whose presence must be to him a stinging reproach? And how there can be a forward, bad, disobedient, ungrateful daughter, is a mystery which I for one could never fathom.

The daughter has much in her power. She has youth, vivacity, generally the grace of form, always the charm inseparable from youth, often the irresistable attraction of beauty, and she may have the still more enduring endowment of amiable temper and mental accomplishment. And she may move in the sacred sphere of home as a ministering spirit of peace, and love, and joy.

But it may likewise be otherwise. Because the path of duty to her is comparatively easy, is dictated to her by her affections, is demonstrated to her by every day's experience, it does not follow that she will walk in it. She may prove false to her obligations. And what a desolation does she make in the domestic circle! How can she wring the hearts of those whom she is bound to love and cherish! Instead of acquiescing with cheerfulness in whatever her lot may be, she may annoy her parents by perpetual reflection and complaints. Instead of taking her share of the cares and toils which are inseparable from a family, she may refuse them all, and choose to spend her time in idleness, or in dress, or company, and consider herself born for a higher lot than that of ordinary mortals. By the indulgence of a bad temper, instead of being the delight and pride of the domestic circle, she may keep her home in a perpetual broil.

I have drawn this picture with unfeigned reluctance, which I question not is revolting to all who hear me as it is to me. But I have done it because it was necessary to the task I have undertaken, to describe the sphere and the duties of woman, and in doing so I must state what is, as well as what ought to be, I must testify to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Napoleon and Wellington.

Napoleon was essentially a hero for the vulgar; fools, who have no idea of power but in tumult, or of strength but in struggle, cannot comprehend the calm, unapproachable grandeur of Wellington—a grandeur too high for sympathy. I have studied him in his despatches; I have talked with him—I have seen him all around—there is in that man more of innate, imperturbable greatness than in all the world beside. When Napoleon was about to strike a blow, he raised up around him a cloud, a very tempest, of passions and fancies, through which everything was magnified and mistaken. Wellington goes to work plainly, indifferently, frigidly, and it is only by the result that you recognise *in scena Roscium*. In the deep perturbation which came over the spirit of Napoleon when he essayed any vast work; in the mighty effort, the tremendous strain—inevitably successful though it may have been—you see one whose undertakings are above his nature; who must lash his energies to make them efficient enough. In the cool, common-place, regular, business-like proceedings of Wellington—never erring or unprosperous—we behold one whose native unalterable strength is so high, that the loftiest enterprise is to him not exciting; who, in conquering glory, is doing his ordinary work. His trade was to be always successful, and he was perfect master of it. There is the same difference between the two that there is between the youth and manhood of genius; in the former, more fervor and greater consciousness of power; in the latter, far more real might. The distinction may be marked by the names of the two demons who, in Æschylus, bind Prometheus to the rock; one was Force, and the other Strength. There is the same diversity which exists between the calm, grey light of the sun, and the lurid, flashing, noisy brilliance of fire-works. Wellington is the representative of the genius of England, which, from the beginning of history, bearing aloft the standard of integrity, good sense and solid freedom, has stood like a rock in the sea of human passions and powers; one while baffling the frantic tyranny of the Papacy, and at another stamping under its iron heel the struggling fiend of Jacobinism. Napoleon is the type of France—a nation which has no power save of paroxysms, and cannot cease to be frivolous but by becoming ferocious. Wellington rules through life like a Tartar horseman, with one perpetual posture, that of the lance in rest; with one fixed gaze, that on the object of his attack. Napoleon scoured through his existence like a monkey on a circus horse, brandishing a flag, stooping over his nag's head or under his body, jumping down to jump up again, and all to gain the wonder and applause of the spectators; going round and round, and ending where he began. I must finish the parallel by saying that his course was marked out for him by the whip of a base necessity. Napoleon was the slave and courtier of opinion, which he at length flattered into the belief that it was a master. Wellington despised and neglected opinion, till it has come fawning about his feet. Vanity had grasped Napoleon by the throat, and he was her garlanded victim. You never see in Wellington that sycophancy to circumstances, that obsequiousness to fortune. He seized Destiny by the collar, and fairly swung her round.

Education of Girls.

"In the first place, females, from their earliest years, should be allowed those sports and amusements in the open air, so necessary to a proper development of their bodies, and which are now confined entirely to boys. Instead of being compelled to walk demurely with measured steps, like so many matrons, they should be encouraged in running and romping even, at suitable times; and that the motions of their limbs may be unconstrained, their dress should be always loose and easy.

"Until girls are fourteen or fifteen years old, they should be allowed to play in the open air at least *six hours* every day, when the season and weather will permit. They should be allowed to run, leap, throw the ball, and play at battledore, as they please. All these exercises call the different muscles into action, strengthen the limbs, and impart a healthy tone to the different organs; the blood circulates freely, the nervous system is invigorated, and the redundant fluids are driven off by perspiration. The most suitable dress is unquestionably that which is called Turkish, consisting of pantalettes or trowsers, and a short frock (the latter to be brought up sufficiently high on the bosom to prevent the exposure of the shoulders) and the covering for the head should be light and cool—a straw hat answers the purpose very well.

"They should never be confined to their tasks more than six hours a day, and I am confident they will learn more in that time, if properly managed, than they will in twelve, without sufficient exercise. Make it your own case; can you spend even eight hours a day in study to any profit. I think not. The mind becomes weary, and then nothing is retained. How then can you suppose that the expanded faculties of children can be constantly exercised for that length of time to advantage? Depend upon it, too much attention is paid to the culture of the minds of children, and too little to their bodies. Do not misunderstand me, or suspect me of undervaluing the former, or over-rating the latter. Certainly the first can never make us happy in this world without the second. I mean simply, that parents are too fond of forcing genius at an early age, and thus ruining the health. I wish to show that neither should be neglected, and that the perfect development of the one is not inconsistent with that of the other. And I would go one step further: inasmuch as the chief enjoyments of this life, and even the full force of mind and moral energy depend upon the health of the body, it would be safer to direct the principal attention to the latter during childhood, than to run the risk of its being neglected by undue attention to the former."

Farmers Department.

From the American Farmer.

Work for July.

The past spring and summer thus far, with the exception of a few weeks, throughout a large portion of our country, have been unpropitious to the labors of the husbandman as well as to the growth of crops generally. The cold drenching rains which prevailed throughout the entire spring, prevented the performance of the usual labors of the field in all stiff adhesive soils, and allowed but a brief period, at intervals, for their execution even in loamy, gravelly and sandy lands. So that much of the work in the first description of ground that was done, was but imperfectly executed, owing to the saturated condition of the earth. We say this not in a spirit of querulousness; for "*why should a living man complain*," as the weather which we have had has been dispensed to us by Him who worketh all things for good, and who has doubtless fashioned the seasons to our deserts. We recur to it, however, in the pleasing hope that our agricultural readers will, by increased industry and expanded energy, endeavor to make up the lost time and thus secure such harvest as will vouchsafe to themselves and dependents the full measure of comfort. Having said thus much, it shall be our duty to point out some of those things which should be attended to.

On the Farm.

Corn.—Push ahead with this crop—embrace every good day to work it, and be sure that you do it as it ought to be done. Recollect that the oftener it is worked and the more effectually you cleanse it of weeds and grass, the greater certainty there will be of its maturing. In ordinary years, this crop is generally laid by by harvest, but from the backwardness of the present season, we cannot look for it this year; and, therefore, go to your work like men determined to deserve success. Spare neither plough nor cultivator, and recollect that when the roots of the corn shoot out laterally and attain any considerable size that the latter is the safest implement. Be not afraid, should the drought ensue, to turn up the soil, lest your plants *burn*; for the "*sovereignest thing*" to prevent that, is to keep the ground in a condition to drink in the dews as they may be distilled by the Great Unseen.

Potatoes.—If you have not already gotten in your fall crop, you may do so any time the first week of this month, provided you prepare your ground well, give the plants plenty of rich manure and tend them well.

Harvesting.—As soon as your crops of small grain are *ready*, put in your hands and have the work cleanly performed. It is always best not to let your grain get too ripe, as besides the saving in quantity, the work is much less onerous to the hands, and the straw infinitely more acceptable to your stock. And as soon after as you have gotten it in the barn, or stacked, as your other more pressing work will allow of, thresh out your grain, and stack away your straw, taking care to salt it. By so doing you will increase its value, as meat for your stock, at least twenty per cent.

Hay Making.—As soon as your grass is in blossom, cut it and cure it, if possible, without exposing it to the rain; and as soon as it is dry enough to pack away in safety, do so, taking care to dose it with at least a *peck of salt* to the ton of hay.

Millet.—If you have any reason to apprehend a scarcity of provender for your stock, and have a rich lot to spare for the purpose, you may prevent this anticipated evil by sowing millet in the proportion of half a bushel to the acre. If your soil be not rich be sure to give it a liberal allowance of manure, and you will not fail to have a good crop of nutricious grass. It should be sown by the 10th of the month at farthest, and cut as soon as the upper part of the head begins to turn yellow. In the preparation of the soil, two ploughings should be given it, and the harrow freely used to make the tilth as fine as it can be made. Then let the seed be sown, harrowed in and rolled.

Turnips.—He that contemplates a large yield of turnips for feeding or sale, must take the necessary steps to ensure it. The ground must be ploughed *deep*, harrowed, then manured with well rotted manure or ashes, or a mixture of both. If of the first, at least twenty double horse cart loads to the acre; if of the second, a hundred bushels to the acre, and if of the last, fifteen double horse cart loads of rotted manure and fifty bushes of ashes will answer. After the first ploughing, if dung be used, let that be spread evenly over the ground and ploughed in about four inches. The ashes in any event must be used after the second ploughing and *harrowed* in. When the turnips first show their heads, sow a bushel of unleached ashes, or the same quantity of slaked lime over every acre. Let this be done early in the morning while the dew is on. Should rain come and wash it off the leaves of the plants, repeat it until they get into the rough leaf. When they get of the size of a dollar, put on your harrow and give them a *thorough* harrowing. Don't be afraid. When the plants begin to bottle, thin them out to eight inches apart, and our word for it you will have a good crop. Give your ground its *first* ploughing immediately, and do not delay sowing beyond the 15th of this month.

If you find that the application of lime or ashes does not save your turnip plants from the fly and bug, add to either at the rate of four pounds of the flour of sulpur to the bushel.

Buckwheat.—This grain may be sown as late as the 10th of this month. As soon as you may have cut and threshed out the grain, stack away the straw, allowing to each layer a good sprinkling of salt. It will make a good bite of provender for your cattle, which they will relish well in the cold bleak days of winter.

Manure.—Have all the weeds, briars and scraping of your yards, &c. carefully carried into your cow yard, and thus add to your pile of manure and consequently to your sources of wealth.

In the Garden.

Melons, Cucumbers, Squashes, &c. must all be kept as clean as hands can make them. Let the spaces between the hills be carefully hoed in dry weather.

Melons and Cucumbers for Mangoes and Pickles.—Get your ground ready forthwith, and plant melons of all kinds, and cucumbers for mangoes and pickles, and do not delay planting them the first week of the month. In the preparation of your ground, recollect that *manure* is indispensable to their growth.

Cabbages.—Seize the first wet spell of weather to set out your Savoy, Borecole and other cabbage plants.

Beans, either for the table or pickling should be now planted.

Cauliflowers intended for winter use must now be set out. Water them until they take root.

Lettuce and Small Salading of all kinds may now be sown.

Celery.—Let your early celery plants be set out in the trenches, and be sure, in the absence of rain, to water them every evening until they are well set or rain may come.

Radishes.—Sow your full crop of winter radishes, not forgetting the white and black spanish sorts.

Peas.—If you desire a supply of Peas for autumn you may now sow them, and they will come in September.

Fruit Trees should be budded this month.

Potatoes.—Prepare a good rich loamy bed in your garden, and if you have not already planted your potatoes, you may still raise a crop, provided you give them plenty of manure and don't spare elbow grease in their culture.

Weeds.—Eradicate every weed from your garden—give them to the hogs and let them eat what portion they like, and convert the rest into manure.

Tomatoes, Egg Plants, &c.—Every thing of this kind must now be kept clean and the earth around them open. In fine, see that neither weeds nor grass are permitted to flourish among your crops of all kinds.

DEAFNESS.—TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS.—*An Infallible Remedy for Deafness.*—The great success which has attended the application of this valuable remedy in some hundred cases in the Westminster Dispensary (for diseases of the Eye and Ear,) for which Letters Patent have been obtained by M. Taylor, M. D. from the English Government, and the sanction it has received from the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris, as well as from the following Medical gentlemen, Mr. Abernethy—Sir Astly Cooper—Drs. Boston, Curtis, Drake, and L. Segalais, Aurist, &c. and other Aurists and Surgeons, inferior to none in Medical Science, who have used and recommended it.

The fame of the Gutta Vegetabilis throughout France and Germany, caused its speedy introduction into almost every country in Europe, and addresses were presented to Dr. Taylor from all parts, congratulatory of the circumstance. The certainty with which the Gutta Vegetabilis was continually applied, can be attended by many thousands. Since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louise Philippe, King of the French, and Leopold King of the Belgians, conferred on Dr. Taylor the title of Honorary Aurist to their Majesties, as a recompense for the many restored to hearing or otherwise cured by the application of his long tried Gutta Vegetabilis.—These proofs of royal favor will, he hopes, be sufficient to encourage all who are afflicted with deafness, arising from any cause, to apply his remedy.

The *Gutta Vegetabilis* (or Infallible Remedy) needs no labored description, such is its worth, and so highly is it valued by those who have experienced its wonderful effects will do more recommend and insure it the support of the Profession and Public generally, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor, and by particular request he has published the following extraordinary cases.

Miss S. A. NORTON, of Mile End Road, was many years afflicted with deafness, after trying every thing she could hear of, and her physician could prescribe, one bottle of Taylor's Gutta Vegetabilis relieved her considerably, and before she used the third bottle, she was perfectly restored to the sense of her hearing.

THOMAS HORNBY, 40 Farrington street, who was a Lieutenant in the 42 Regiment, was struck deaf on the plains of Waterloo, and had remained so ever since. After the use of one bottle of Gutta Vegetabilis, was perfectly cured.

Mrs. GREEN, of Camberwell, who had been fourteen years deprived of the sense of hearing, was quite cured by using six bottles.

To the aged who are most commonly afflicted with deafness, this preparation will indeed prove a blessing, as it has so frequently cured the worst of cases when no hope of recovery had been anticipated or derived from other means.

To those afflicted with deafness arising from cold this preparation must prove invaluable, and will restore them to hearing in nine cases out of ten.

The Gutta Vegetabilis is prepared in strict accordance with scientific principles, apart from all Empiricism, and it will be found on trial to carry its own recommendation with it, in the happy effects it produces by restoring those to hearing who have been so unfortunate as to be deprived of that sense for many years.

Caution to the Public.—To prevent being imposed upon look well to the Certificates of the Proprietor and Inventor.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. William Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U. States, to dispose of that valuable Medicine, called TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS, with full power to appoint agents where he may think proper, and as the great demand may induce persons to fabricate the medicine to the injury of the public, I have thought proper to accompany the bill of directions round each bottle with my name signed in my own hand writing, and the more effectually to detect counterfeits, the public will observe the Seal of my agent on the outside of every bottle, to counterfeit which is felony.

Signed at my office, 20 Charles street, Bloomsbury, London and sold by Dr. William Young, at his Infirmary for disease of the Skin, *Eye* and *Ear*, 152 Spruce Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.

N. B. Persons at a distance, can have the Medicine sent to any part of the United States, from Dr. Young. Letters (post paid,) enclosing Five Dollars, answered by return, and the Medicine punctually transmitted to any address.

Dec 5—1y

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, OR EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility, with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added,

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

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Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.—Hor.
The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed,

Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia.
sep 20 1y

ROTTECK'S History of the World, second edition.—This work is designed to fill up a great chasm in one most important department of Literature; to satisfy a want felt, not only by the Student, by the man left to himself for an education, but also, by the intelligent of all classes of society. It will supply the great mass of the public, who are at present almost necessarily in the dark as to the past World and its destinies, with a complete picture of all the great events relating to the World and to man, from the earliest dawn of history down to recent times; and we indulge the hope that it will satisfy the universal want of a good General History of the World. We have works entitled "Histories of the World," or "Universal Histories," it is true; but all of them (we mean those in a small form, and such as are within the reach of the generality of readers) are sadly deficient, ill selected, and worse arranged: they could not, according to the ideas of the author of this work, be considered strictly speaking GENERAL HISTORIES OF THE WORLD.

The author of this History is celebrated throughout Europe as a scholar, as a statesman, and as a bold defender of liberty, and this reputation will certainly be an excellent recommendation of his work to the American public. Although born in Germany, educated in its far famed halls of learning, and breathing a German atmosphere, he is not a German alone;—he is a man whom the World may claim. He is no mystic, full of unintelligible, useless theories; but a man devoted to practicable objects, to the welfare of his race, and to pure Religion and Morality.

His History has been extensively circulated in Europe, (in the German, French, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish languages,) and is the most popular one, that has ever been published. For although he may be ranked as the first historian of Europe, he has written, not for a particular class, but for people in general. In fine, his History is equally fitted for the Student, the Merchant, the Farmer, the Mechanic, and the Professional man.

☞ In order to give this valuable work a more extended circulation, and to bring its price within the means of every one, the publisher has determined to issue this *second edition* in twenty numbers at 25 cents each, payable on delivery. One number will be ready for delivery every two weeks: the first five will contain Ancient History; the second the History of the Middle Ages, the third five will embrace the period from the discovery of America to the French Revolution, and the fourth five from the French Revolution to the present time. Each number will contain from 80 to 100 pages.

C. F. STOLLMEYER,
Philadelphia, No. 66 South Fourth street.

☞ Having made arrangements with the publisher of Rotteck's History, we can inform our respective subscribers and agents, as well as the public at large, that we will furnish the above valuable work at the publishers price. Orders will be thankfully received. (june 19 tf) G. R. GRAHAM & Co.

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(From the New Yorker.)

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I wish to tell, without delay,
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It is to clothe your naked heads,
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If we would only till the ground
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Your offer'd now both free and pure,
Although your case be chronic,
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